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The Sketch



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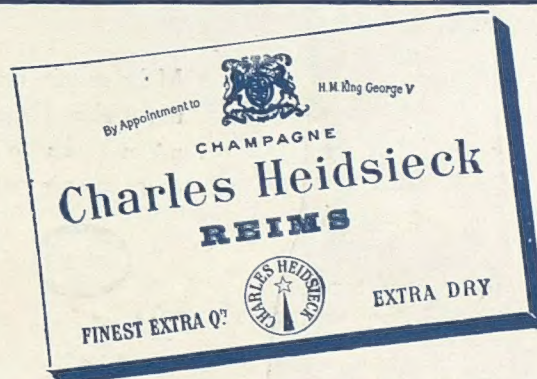
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3 TIES	-	1/6	0 4 6	-	1/9	0 5 3	-	2/-	0 6 0
FELT HAT	-	10/6	0 10 6	-	12/6	0 12 6	-	15/6	0 15 6
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HAIR BRUSH AND COMB	-	5/6	0 5 6	-	6/9	0 6 9	-	8/6	0 8 6
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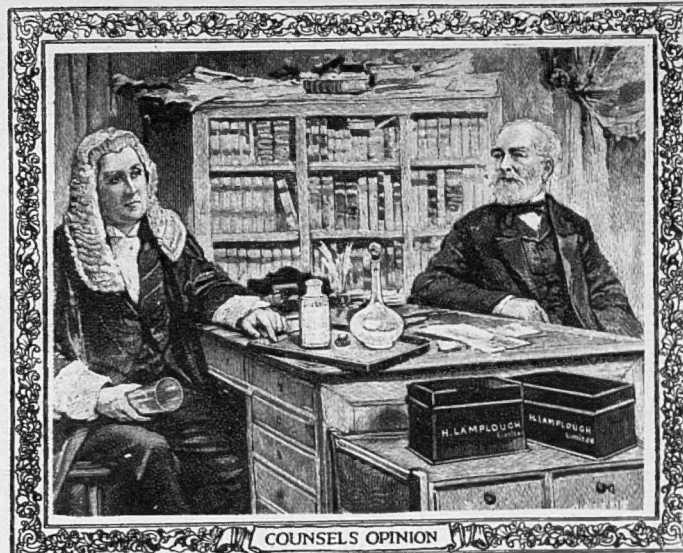
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1649 — Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



A DOMESTIC PICTURE OF THE STAGE HUSBAND OF "TIGER CATS": MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LORAINE AND THEIR ELDER DAUGHTER.

This delightful picture of Mr. Robert Loraine, D.S.O., the André Chaumont of "Tiger Cats" at the Savoy and the Garrick, shows him with Mrs. Loraine and his elder daughter, Roberte Winifred, who is now nearly two years old. Mrs. Loraine is the elder

daughter of Sir Thomas Strangman, and was married in 1921. She has a second girl, Joan Beatrice, who is now three months old. It was announced the other day that Mr. Loraine was leaving the Garrick in order to present "Tiger Cats" in New York.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE PARTRIDGE.

IT is not every bird whose name is associated intimately with the name of a month. After all, we have only twelve months, so the grouse, the partridge, and the pheasant should consider themselves highly honoured.

If it comes to that, I think they do. You will not find any of them mixing very freely with other birds.

The partridge can fly quite well when it likes—at least, the English partridge can—but it is equally good as a walker or a runner.

The formation of its feet is of considerable assistance to the partridge, both when walking and running. You see, each foot has only four toes, three of these being in front and one behind. What is the result? When you want to run, you feel the need of a toe at the back of your foot. You have to raise yourself on to your toes before you can start.

Hence an expression common in the cricket field. You often read—if you do read reports of cricket matches—that Surrey were on their toes, or that Sussex were not quite so much on their toes as they used to be at the beginning of the season.

And why not? Simply because standing on your toes is apt to prove very fatiguing. You try standing on your toes for a whole summer, and see how you like it. Already not quite so jumpy, my friend.

Very well, then. The partridge, having a toe at the back of each foot, is not compelled to balance himself on his toes, ready for instant action. Nature has so formed him that he is always on his toes. One good push with the back toes and we are off.

You may have noticed that I spoke with some reserve about the ability of the French partridge to fly whenever it likes. The sad truth is that the French partridge cannot invariably take to the air. In wet weather on clay soils, our little friend is apt to get its feet into a condition technically known as "balled." The word is expressive. When his feet are balled he cannot rise from the ground, no matter how often he shouts "Contact." Contact it is in good sooth—contact with the ground, the beastly clayey ground. In these circumstances we walk warily and painfully to the off side of a large cabbage, and hope for the best. After all, is not the Englishman a sport? Surely he would never take advantage of a visitor, especially when imitating King Agag?

Let us lurk, and trust to the sporting instinct of the Englishman. It may even be that he will come and clean our boots for us, and then we can cry "Contact!" to some purpose.

Why is the partridge brown? For the same reason that the grass-snake is green—in order to avoid observation.

In this small island, however, it is difficult to avoid observation. Criminals, celebrities, and partridges have all discovered that. Everybody in England, roughly speaking, is well known.

There are only two courses open to the partridge when the month of September

get peppered whilst you escape to fly another day.

The nerve of the partridge improves from day to day. On the first of September he is terribly frightened of all these rough-looking men with sticks and guns. On the second, when he has discovered that the sportsmen are not nearly such good shots as they told each other overnight, our little brown friend keeps his head much better. After the first week, he enjoys the sport as much as anybody. In fact, he would find life dull without the merry crack of the gun, and the whizzing noise that precedes the sudden disappearance of Archie and Ada.

Towards winter, the partridges who have escaped all attacks style themselves the Old Contemptibles, and form a local club. A club, or "pack," may consist of two or more coveys, with power to add to their number.

So much for the partridge alive. We now turn to the partridge roasted, in which form he will be familiar to more people.

You begin by treating your partridge as though he were a chicken. But he is no chicken, and you signalise the fact by covering his breast with a slice of streaky bacon. This is not so much to rob the partridge of his dignity as to give him some slight resemblance to a sergeant-major.

You now carry him across the kitchen to a nice clear fire, and set him down in front of it. But don't leave him. You can't cook a partridge by standing outside the back-door and telling the grocer's boy to go hon.

All the time he is snuggling down by the clear fire you must keep on basting him with hot butter. If you like, you can sing whilst doing this, and songs suitable to the occasion will readily occur to you. But it is not absolutely necessary to sing.

You don't, of course, serve him up with the bacon still on his chest. That would make him untidy, and would also reveal the secret of his flavour to people who ought to be kept in the dark about such things. No. Remove the bacon, sprinkle the hero of the moment with flour, and baste him well until he looks as though he had had one week at Felixstowe and another at Torquay.

Lay him on a slice of toast, assemble your gravy, bread-crumbs, and bread sauce in V formation about him, and, as he leaves the kitchen, have just one spot to wish him good luck. He'll need it.



A MEMBER OF THE CAST OF "PRIMROSE" ON "THESE YELLOW SANDS": MISS HEATHER THATCHER, PLAYING WITH COLONEL AND MRS. W. FORBES LUMSDEN'S LITTLE GIRL.

This delightful snapshot of Miss Heather Thatcher, who has recently been seen in the revival of "To-Night's the Night," at the Winter Garden, was taken on the sands at Dinard, and shows her playing with the baby daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. Forbes Lumsden. Miss Thatcher is to appear in "Primrose," the forthcoming production at the Winter Garden.

comes round: he can either remain on the ground and hope to escape observation on account of his colour, or he can take to the air and pray fervently that the man with the gun is a profiteer learning to shoot because shooting is smart.

The worst of staying on the ground is that somebody with large boots may tread on you. It really needs wonderful nerve to remain motionless as a good pair of twelves draw nearer and nearer. In fact, it is seldom done. You take to the air in a covey, therefore, and, if you have any luck, your first, second, and third cousins



The Châtelaine of Whitewebbs
and of the Villa Valetta.



Lady Orr-Lewis is the wife of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, second Baronet, of Whitewebbs Park, Enfield, and is the daughter of Mr. James Milne. She was married in 1921, and has a baby girl, Marie Ardyn Orr-Lewis, born in 1922. Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis succeeded his father in 1921. He has a lovely villa at Cannes, the Villa Valetta, as well as his place in England. Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis have recently been staying at Gullane, near North Berwick, and are shortly sailing for Canada.

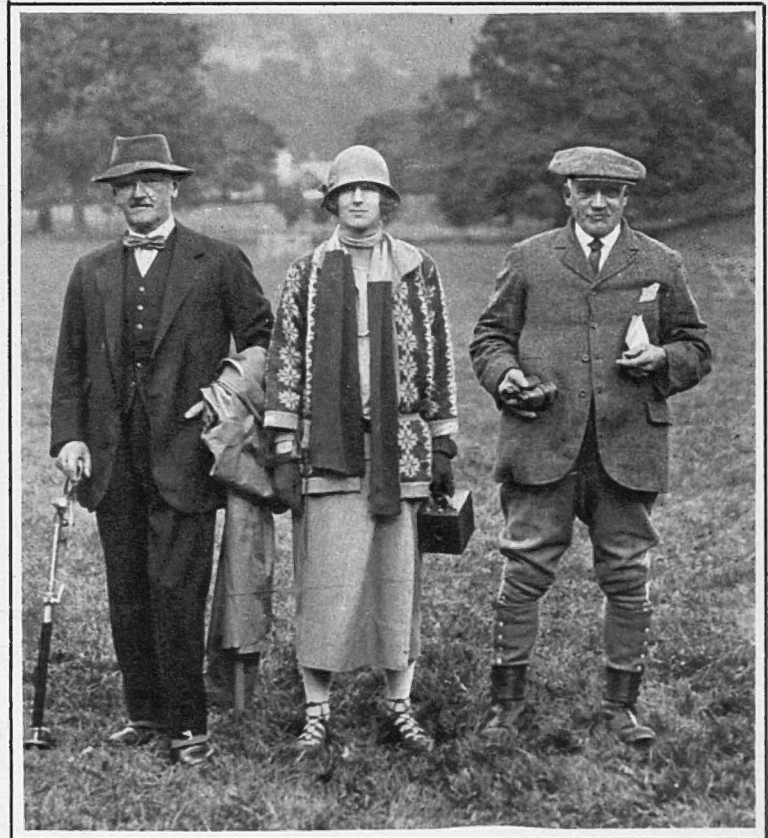
FORMERLY MISS MARJORY MILNE : LADY ORR-LEWIS, WHO IS SAILING FOR CANADA.

Camera Portraits by Dorothy Wilding.

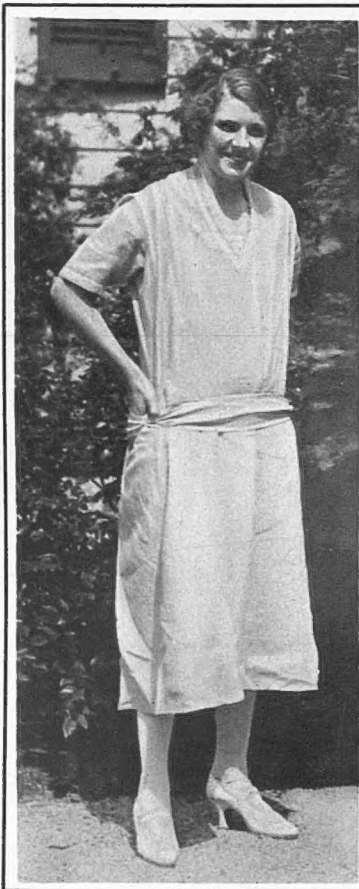
FROM WEMBLEY, WESTMORLAND, THE U.S.A., AND



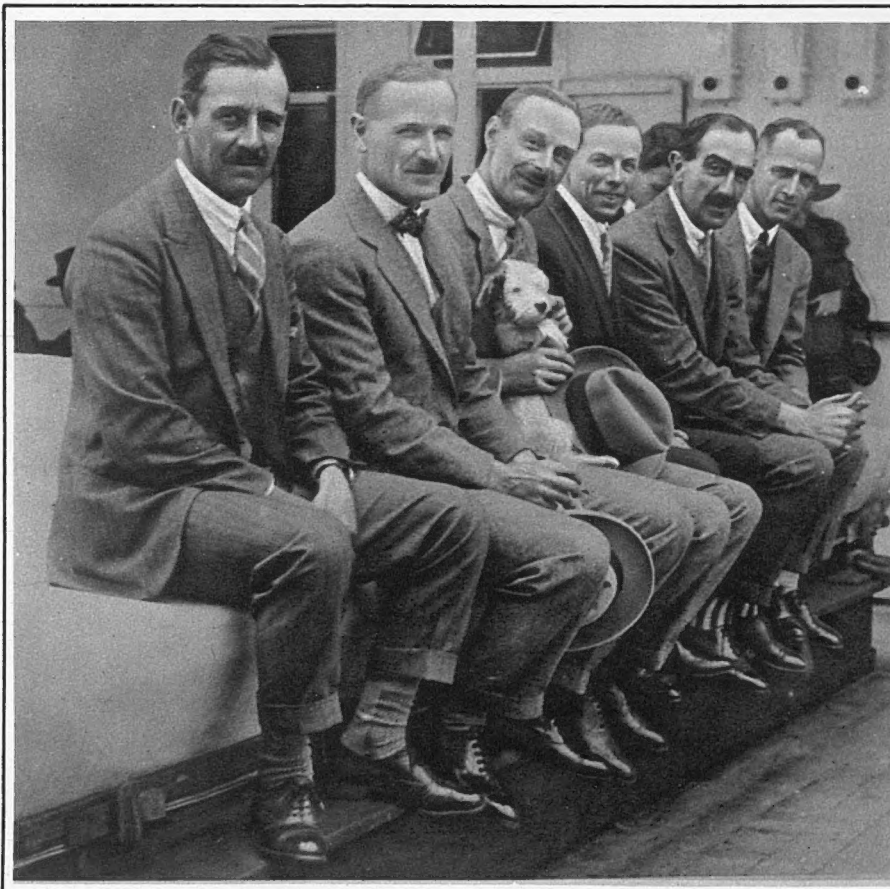
FISHING ON THE DEVERON: MR. A. TYRWHITT-DRAKE
WITH MISS MAB BROWN.



AT PATTERDALE: LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, MR. G. E. THOMPSON, HIGH
SHERIFF OF WESTMORLAND; WITH JOE BOWMAN, HUNSMAN OF THE ULLSWATER.



WIFE OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLO
PLAYER: MRS. PHIPPS-HORNBY.



MEMBERS OF OUR POLO TEAM: MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON, MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD, MAJOR
GEOFFREY PHIPPS-HORNBY, MAJOR F. B. HURNDALL, MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT, AND MR. LOUIS LACEY.



THE OWNER OF MARVEX—WINNER
OF THE EBOR: MRS. RUDD

The Sheep-Dog Trials, Hound Trails, Guides' Races, and North-Country wrestling are special features of the games in the Lake District, and many well-known people assembled at Patterdale for the Ullswater Gathering.—Lady Maureen Stanley is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and the wife of the second son of the Earl of Derby.—The Marquess of Huntly is the premier Marquess of Scotland. He recently married Mrs. James Macdonald.—Master Randolph and Miss Diana Churchill, the two elder children of Mr. and Mrs.

Photographs by P.P.P., Farrington Photo. Co.,

ELSEWHERE: A MIXED "BAG" OF SPORTING SUBJECTS.



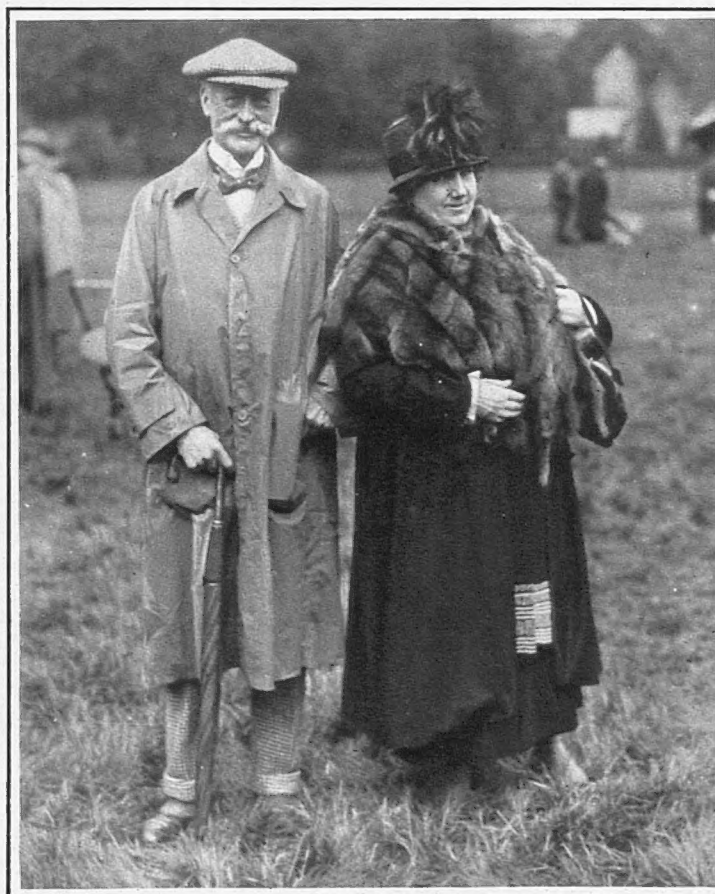
A SCREEN STAR ON THE COURTS AT DEAUVILLE: MISS PEARL WHITE AS AN ENERGETIC LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.



ON THE WEMBLEY WATER-CHUTE: MASTER RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MISS DIANA CHURCHILL, CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND: AT THE BELFAST EX-SERVICE MEN'S CARNIVAL.



WATCHING THE SHEEP-DOG TRIALS AT PATERDALE: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY.

Winston Churchill, recently visited the Amusement Park at Wembley with their parents.—The marriage of Major Phipps-Hornby (a member of our visiting polo team for the international matches against America, beginning on Sept. 6) to Miss Eileen Daly took place recently. In addition to the six players shown in our group on board ship, Major Melvill is one of those in the States.—Mrs. Rudd's Marvex, by White Magic—Maranon, won the Ebor Handicap at York from Mr. J. White's Norseman by three lengths.

and G., C.N., L.N.A., and Topical.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

IT was tragedy that the Grande Semaine of the Deauville season should culminate in a waterproof and umbrella Grand Prix—but such an affair oftens happen, especially when the dressmakers have been vying with each other to produce the most beautiful and original creations for the great occasion.

Still, it must be confessed that the dress tragedy is not so awful as it sounds; for Deauville Races have actually lost much of their old elegance. Very few women consent to wear the wonderful toilettes of which one hears so much—and sees so little. The incursion of the mob, as the place becomes more and more expensive, has induced the really *chic* women to become simpler in their attire, and they are now dressed as if for a country meeting, and wear the same type of frock as those they have for the beach in the morning.

But if feminine visitors take to simpler styles, the men have been doing their bit to add to the gaiety of things. Nobody glanced at a woman when in the neighbourhood of the strange male being who appeared in a suit of palest mauve, with diamond buttons to his grey waistcoat, and pale-grey lizard shoes. At first it was thought that this daring man had thus arrayed himself for a bet; but it was finally found that he was no less a person than the originator of the shingled bob—the coiffeur who has the smartest heads in Paris in his keeping, and just goes in for a little eccentricity in dress in his spare time!

The Grand Prix, like most of the other meetings here, ended in being a day for outsiders. Never have the backers had such a bad time at Deauville. Mere women, with their haphazard method of picking out a horse because the jockey had a nice face, or because they liked his colours, did far better than the men, with their books of form and the like.

Quite a few well-knowns turned up, in spite of the bad weather, though Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten had hurried after the Prince of Wales to cross the "herring pond" in the *Berengaria*, and Lady Diana and Mr. Duff Cooper had left. The Milford Havens stayed behind to see the season

through, with Lord and Lady Wodehouse, Count Michael Torby, and Lord Michelham, while Lord and Lady Westmorland came over specially for it. I saw Captain Dennis Larkin looking very happy, so he had probably backed Cloud Burst—who was most appropriately placed. Lady Gibbons, Mme. Allatini, Comte and Comtesse de la Maza, and Baron and Baroness Schroeders were also there.

Sardine-boxes were not in it with the packing of Deauville during the last wet week-end. People evidently refused to believe that the bad weather could last, or else consoled themselves with the thought that there is always the Casino—where, by the way, you couldn't squeeze a card into the crowd that was wedged into the Salle de Baccarat. Anyhow, for the next three days after the wettest Grand Prix on record, they were duplicating and triplicating all the trains in order to weed out the people who were, it is said, sleeping in rows in hotel drawing-rooms, on billiard tables, and under them (on the

sleeping-car principle), in bath-rooms, and in every conceivable hole and corner. Rumour has it that prices are to be more than trebled next year, in order to give those who can afford it breathing space—but even such a drastic step is unlikely to keep away the crowd who are determined to be seen at Deauville or die.

There has been an amusing instance of the biter being bitten at Deauville. Sem, the brilliant and mordant caricaturist, who is such a delightful person in real life, has a brother who has suddenly discovered in himself a gift for caricature in sculpture, and crowds have gathered every day round the windows of a shop where the heads of some of his victims have been exposed—including his famous brother, Sem!

Fighting one's way to a table through the wedge at the Casino, it was possible to pick out a familiar face here and there amongst the crowd of unknowns. I saw Sir James Dunn, Sir Alfred Butt (who dearly loves a flutter at the big table reserved for men, known as the "factory"), Mrs. Ruby Melvill, Prince Léon Radziwill, the Aga

Khan and his wife (the latter wearing some most beautiful diamonds), Cécile Sorel, who is playing in some of the classical repertoire of the Comédie Française at the Deauville theatre; and General Claude de Crespigny.

One of the most interesting "side shows" of Deauville, and one that is generally overlooked by all those not directly concerned, is the sale of yearlings that takes place during the big week of the racing season. All the racing experts and owners are gathered together at the local Tattersall's, and their feminine belongings sit in cosy deck chairs on the terrace, where the young hopefuls of the *genus* horse are paraded for the inspection of potential buyers. The Aga Khan has made some important purchases, and so have Mr. A. K. Macomber and Mr. J. Widener, the American owners, whose colours have done fairly well at Deauville this season. The event makes a very pretty sight, with the perfectly groomed, highly bred youngsters being led round before delightfully dressed, and sometimes also well-bred connoisseurs.

Although there has been an exodus of the large racing and gambling set that is hurrying off to fresh woods and pastures new, there is still a very good polo season



1. Angela's conducted party, consisting of the Moral - Midlande family, is now clamouring for something really wild and thrilling. Angela is delighted to oblige and arrange this; and, after much discussion, they decide to go for a walking tour in the Czecho-Johian Mountains.



2. Mr. Moral - Midlande is sure they will be all taken prisoners by brigands. It must have got about, he says, that he is worth a pretty penny. He goes to Mr. Look's offices and arranges for a large ransom to be paid should the need arise.

to be enjoyed at Deauville, and some very interesting matches are still to be played off; so those who would like to enjoy the Plage Fleurie in comparative quiet, with, perhaps, a very slight diminution in its cost, can find much to amuse them until well on into September—room to bathe without having to push through crowds of spectators, an easy place at *chemin-de-fer*, instead of

which are still much worn by those who are fortunate enough to possess them.

The English visitors at Aix include Lord Revelstoke, who is a citizen of the town, and regarded by the inhabitants as one of themselves—and no wonder, for he has recently made a gift of 18,000 francs to be divided among the local charities, and has sent another 10,000 to the Prefect of Savoy to help to fight consumption in the department. Lord Revelstoke was entertaining a big party of friends the other evening at the gala at the Regina Hotel, Bernascon, and had Lord and Lady Willingdon, Lady Wilton, and her sister, Mrs. Bulteel, with him.

The Stanley Baldwins are here again, and it is a little amusing to contrast their quiet arrival with their advent last year, when, as Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin was the centre of interest. The whole town blossomed out with bunting in his honour, and journalists and photographers dogged his footsteps wherever he went. In fact, he only managed to shake them off when he set out on his long tramps! This year—well, it is rather different. Mr. Baldwin, by the way, is a great walker, and knows this district well, having scaled Mont Revard on foot; while he thinks nothing of walking up to La Chambotte, which towers high above the Lac du Bourget, for tea. The restaurant on this lofty point is run by a Scotswoman, who has not forgotten the art of making scones, and treasures a letter from Queen Victoria, who once visited the place.

Quite a lot of golf and lawn-tennis are being played here, too, the golfers counting Mr. Evelyn Fitzgerald and his bride, Lady Wilton, Lady Beaverbrook, and others among them; and the crowds of visitors who assemble in the morning in the gardens round the Source des Deux Reines *buvette* include dozens of well-known Londoners such as Lady Newborough, Lady Hudson (formerly Lady Northcliffe), and Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

News from London tells me that with September here quite a number of people are coming back to town, for, to begin with, there are quite a list of important weddings to be attended within the next week or two. The marriage of Miss Betty Crawford and Mr. Gilbert Greenall, of the 2nd Life Guards, for instance, is likely to be a very smart gathering on the fifteenth. Mrs. Crawford lives at Melton, and the bride-elect is well known in the hunting field; but the wedding is a town one, taking place at St. George's, Hanover Square, and the reception is being held at Major Borland Walker's house in Berkeley Square. The same day is fixed for the marriage of Miss Cynthia Graham to Mr. John Francis Menzies, son of Colonel and Mrs. Menzies, of Kames, Berwickshire; but the two weddings can hardly be said to clash, as the latter is being celebrated in Edinburgh. Miss Cynthia Graham, by the way, is the granddaughter of Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose delightful books are so well known to all lovers of country things.

I was in town a day or two myself last week, having dashed over from Deauville, and proved the truth of the statement that

London is never really deserted, for, apart from the crowds and crowds of sightseers walking about, I saw quite a lot of well-known folk. Princess Arthur of Connaught, for instance, was strolling up Bond Street, alone and apparently unrecognised by the other people taking the air. She was wearing a trim little black repp coat and skirt, the short coat neatly belted. Her cloche hat, which was not of the new square-crowned shape, had a piping of lacquer-red to match her patterned silk scarf in the same gay shade, which she wore knotted at the back. I noticed, too, that her Royal Highness has not fallen a victim to the stumpy-umbrella craze, for she was carrying a long, elegant, thinly rolled "brolly" of the kind which one does not often see nowadays, when the short "comedian's" umbrella is enjoying such popularity.

And, talking of Royalty, I hear that Lady Patricia Ramsay has just been in town too. The Duke of Connaught has, I'm told, given up Clarence House entirely to his daughter and her husband, but perhaps before long we shall have heard of the new and important appointment abroad which is said to be imminent for Captain Alexander Ramsay, and this would probably mean that London would lose Lady Patricia for the winter.

One of the social events in town last week was provided by the christening of Mrs. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson's baby girl, who received the unusual names of Myrtle Melita. It is not often that a little girl can boast of having gone to church for the first time in a christening robe which once belonged to a Queen, but Miss Myrtle Melita was dressed in a wonderful fine lace and embroidery frock once the property of the Queen of Roumania.

When on the subject of new arrivals in this world, one can hardly believe that lovely, young-looking Lady Latta is now a



4. This is the party travelling up a desolate mountain road. The Moral-Midlandes expect brigands at every turn. So does Angela. She has arranged for Bobbie Barnes's Brigand Brigade to meet them round the corner.

grandmother; but it's a fact, for Major and Mrs. Philip Spence have just had a little girl. Mrs. Spence was formerly Miss Sybil Latta. MARIEGOLD.



3. This gives Angela an idea. If Mr. Moral-Midland expects brigands, she certainly ought to provide them, and the ransom assuredly must go to deserving persons. (She would like a share herself, for example.) So she is writing a secret letter to Bobbie Barnes to see what can be done.

being put on a waiting list, and plenty of good polo to watch, and good golf to be played.

Biarritz is now one of the rendezvous for the fashionable folk of every nationality, and though September is "officially" the Spanish season, a good many English people have gone down there—in hope, no doubt, of finding the summer which they have missed in their own country. Lord Sholto Douglas, Lady Cottenham, and Lady Bingham are among these very lucky ones. I'm told that the struggle for rooms in hotels almost vies with that which has recently been taking place at Deauville.

Aix, I hear from a friend, is also having a very gay season, and the gala functions at the hotels and the two Casinos are specially elaborate and attractive this year. The galas at the Villa des Fleurs Casino are arranged by the well-known French playwright, M. de Flers, and Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana are dancing there. The other evening there was a scene of enthusiasm such as one seldom sees, after Marjorie Moss and her partner had given a wonderful performance of their "Tragic Tango." The diners assembled round the dance-space caught up the flowers which decorated their tables and showered them on the two dancers amid wild applause.

The baccarat-rooms at the Villa des Fleurs are packed both in the afternoon and the evening, and there are many smart dresses to be seen—and marvellous jewels, including the glittering diamond and jewelled bracelets

Golf is the Order of the Day: North Berwick Pictures.



THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY: LADY CLIFTON.



MISS PATRICIA SCOTT, AND THE HON. ELIZABETH BRAND (R.).



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD KNARESBOROUGH: THE HON. MRS. RICHARD LEGH.

Lord and Lady Clifton are among the recent arrivals at North Berwick. Lord Clifton is the elder son of the Earl of Darnley. Lady Clifton, who was married last year, was formerly Miss Nancy Glen Kidston.—Miss Patricia Scott, who is one of the young golfers who play at North Berwick, is the second daughter of Lord



MRS. WYLD, THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE, LADY BEATRIX STANLEY, MRS. LAMPSON, COLONEL STANLEY, AND MISS BARBARA STANLEY (STANDING).

and Lady Herbert Scott.—The Hon. Elizabeth Brand is the third daughter of Lord Hampden.—The Hon. Mrs. Richard Legh is the second daughter of Lord Knaresborough.—Lady Beatrix Stanley is the daughter of the fourth Marquess of Headfort, and Miss Barbara Stanley is her only daughter.

Photographs by Balmain, G. W. Day, and S. and G.

The Serpentine Idol - to Schubert.



WHAT A TANGLED WEB! "THE PLASTIC BALLET," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Mme. Claudia Issatchenko's "Plastic Ballet" is now one of the attractions at the London Coliseum, and the dances which are being given by the members of her company include "The

Temple," to music by Grieg, and "The Idol," to Schubert. Our photograph shows a remarkable pose held by three of the dancers in the latter number.

Photograph by Personality Photo. Press.

At Farringdon House, near Exeter: A Coming-Out Ball.



MRS. CORYTON, MRS. J. PUTNAM (THE HOSTESS), MRS. GARRATT, MRS. GAMBLE, AND LADY SIDMOUTH (SEATED, L. TO R.); AND (STANDING) MR. ANSTEY, LORD SIDMOUTH, COLONEL FOLLETT, AND COLONEL GARRATT.



MR. NICKSON, MISS FRANCES PUTNAM (IN WHOSE HONOUR THE DANCE WAS GIVEN), MISS RODOCANACHI, AND CAPTAIN POWELL.



LADY BARNES, MRS. BALFOUR, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REGINALD BARNES, AND MRS. ERIC FLINT; AND (STANDING) COLONEL BALFOUR, MISS ALLHUSEN, AND MAJOR ERIC FLINT.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Putnam, of Farringdon House, Farringdon, near Exeter, gave a very successful coming-out dance in honour of their daughter, Miss Frances Putnam. Our photographs show some of the guests at the ball, as well as the hostess and Miss Putnam.—Lord Sidmouth is



LADY HULL, THE HON. MRS. PETERS, AND MISS GASTRELL; AND (STANDING) MAJOR A. H. GIBBS, COLONEL HARRIS, AND COLONEL MARDON.



MISS GAMBLE, MISS STUDHOLME, MISS D'OYLY, AND THE HON. MRS. HARRIS; AND (STANDING) LIEUTENANT R. DURNFORD SLATER, R.N., LIEUTENANT STUDHOLME, MR. EDWARDS, AND MR. WILLIAMS.

the fifth Viscount, and married the daughter of Sir Donald Campbell Johnstone. His seat is Up Ottery Manor, Honiton.—Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes, K.C.B., D.S.O., has had a distinguished military career, and is the son of the late Prebendary Barnes, of Stoke Canon, Exeter.

Photographs by S. and G.

A Family Study.



WITH CATHERINE AND ELIZABETH :
LADY SINCLAIR.

* Lady Sinclair is the wife of Major Sir Archibald Henry Sinclair, C.M.G., M.P., fourth Baronet, of Ulbster, Caithness, and is the elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James Stuart Forbes, and of Lady Angela Forbes. She was married in 1918, and has one son, Robin Macdonald Sinclair, born in 1922, and the two daughters shown with her in our portrait study. Catherine was born in 1919, and Elizabeth in 1921. The Scottish

seat of the Sinclairs is Thurso Castle, and six generations of this family have represented Caithness at Westminster. Sir Archibald Sinclair, who is Lord Lieutenant of the County, has sat as the Member for Caithness and Sutherland since 1922. He and Lady Sinclair have a home in England—Robin Hood Farm, Kingston Vale. Lady Sinclair possesses the charming and unusual Christian name of Marigold.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Baedeker. A man who twice this year has been to Gibraltar—each time by a different line of steamers—tells me that on both journeys his Baedeker guide disappeared mysteriously just when he landed.

Apparently there is a steady sale both in "Gib." and in Tangier for second-hand copies of the guide, for countries on each side of the Mediterranean.

About the Executioner. One day in the club there was talk about hangmen, and discussion as to whether a particular executioner had officiated at a certain execution. "I am certain I saw his name mentioned in the papers," said one member. A rather pompous lawyer intervened. "I cannot see what public interest there can be in the name of the executioner," he said. "Tell me," he went on, addressing an editor who sat close by, "why do they put such details into the newspapers?"

"Well," replied the editor, "I suppose it must be for completeness. The most respectable newspapers give the judge, and the names of the barristers and of the solicitors engaged. Surely the name of the hangman rounds off the list."

The rest was silence.

M.C.C. Waiting List. I suppose that the Turf Club is the most difficult club to be elected to. Also the waiting list of candidates for membership of the M.C.C. is longer than ever. The other day I heard a boy of twelve tell his uncle how much he would like his name to be put down. His uncle replied that he estimated his nephew would be about fifty-six years of age before he could be elected.

A Souvenir of Anatole France and D'Annunzio. Anatole France and D'Annunzio are not averse from polite repartee, or, at any rate, they don't mind telling tales at each other's expense. M. France's latest back-stroke has to do with the Italian poet's play, "La Pisanelle." The play was being rehearsed at a theatre in Paris. An interviewer was leaving the poet; his eye rested upon a cameo ring D'Annunzio was wearing. "What a good-looking stone," he said. "If you admire it, it is yours," replied D'Annunzio, and, removing the ring, he handed it to his visitor.

Although the interviewer was most resolved to keep the ring as a souvenir, he thought he would like to know its value, so he showed it to a lapidary. Without troubling to pick up his magnifying glass, the lapidary observed, "It's worth about four sous."

"From which," says M. France, "I gather that Gabriele D'Annunzio is an excellent dramatic author."

Indian Frontier Ransom Notes. In one quarter of the British Empire it is always active service for the British Army—on the Indian frontier, where no advance of civilisation can quell the fighting

instinct of the warlike tribes. It was prophesied, after the war, that the aeroplane must make our task against the tribesmen an easier one; but the airmen are



THE FRENCH MOTOR-CAR MANUFACTURER WHOSE PLAY HAS BEEN THE SENSATION OF DEAUVILLE THIS YEAR: M. ANDRÉ CITROËN. M. André Citroën, the French motor-car manufacturer, has been gambling in an imperial style at Deauville this year, and is said to have broken all records for the Casino by winning £50,000 in six hours, and playing up his amazing luck till he had made £162,000. He then, however, dropped some of this big "pile"; but he left Deauville with £112,500—quite a comfortable little profit, even for a millionaire.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



WHERE THE SUN REALLY DOES SHINE! SOCIETY ENJOYING PYJAMA AND BATHING-DRESS LIFE ON THE LIDO.

This snapshot is enough to make stay-at-homes, or sporting folk who have been facing the blasts of Caledonia stern and wild, all water at the mouth. It shows how one may enjoy a sun-bath on the Lido, the famous Venetian bathing place, where Society people congregate and lounge happily, clad in bathing dresses, ready for the dip, or in fantastic and elaborate pyjamas.

Photograph by C.P.P.

learning what a hazardous rôle is theirs in this kind of warfare. A good many of them have been captured.

Each airman, when sent off on a flight that brings with it the chance of a forced

landing in hostile territory, is given what is known as a ransom note. On this note is written, in the vernacular of the tribe the airman is likely to encounter, a Government guarantee of a reward, ranging from 2000 to 5000 rupees, for the pilot's safe return should he suffer capture.

But I am told that there is a sort of understanding among the flying officers not to trust to these ransom notes. In fact, they destroy them as soon as they go aloft. They argue that the ransom note destroys any respect likely to be offered by the tribesmen to a captured enemy, and that, in any case, it does not protect them from rough treatment should they be taken.

Sir Sidney Kidman and Jack Burgess.

Sir Sidney Kidman, the millionaire land-owner and cattle-owner, who has been trying a fall with the tax-gathering authorities in Australia, began life as a cowboy earning ten shillings a week. He tells how he held an original fourteenth share in the now-famous Broken Hill Mine. The local blacksmith also had a fourteenth share. "I sold my share for £150," said Sir Sidney, "and made £70 profit. I believe that over a hundred million pounds' worth of mineral has since been taken from the mine."

Sir Sidney very frequently uses the Australian slang word "shake," which means "to lift," or, more pointed still, "to thief." On this point he tells many a story about a dare-devil Australian named Jack Burgess, for whom he confesses to more than a sneaking admiration.

I can't tell you about all Burgess's exploits, but there was one tale of a white horse that was missing, and the police decided to see what animals Jack Burgess had. They rode on until on the sky-line they came upon the spectacle of Jack Burgess mounted on a superb white horse.

"That's it," the word went round, and the chase began.

Burgess led them through the scrub and over a river. The chase went on for miles. All at once he stopped, and the police surrounded him. "I can't understand why you are following me like this," said Jack Burgess, with an air of amazed innocence.

Then the police examined his horse.

It was white; but it was not the one they were seeking. It was indeed one of Burgess's own horses.

Spoiling the Sport.

The late Lord Chaplin used to tell a story of what he declared to be the worst shooting he ever experienced. It was when he was a young man, and was invited by a friend for some snipe-shooting.

They walked for several hours without catching sight of a bird. Presently one flew up, and Lord Chaplin brought it down very promptly.

His host then turned upon him in mock anger. "What did you do that for?" he demanded. "We might as well go back now that you have shot that bird; it was the only one about here!"

OUR £2000 COMPETITION.—We are still checking the entries. The Winners' names will be published as soon as possible. Look out for them.

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. IX.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

MILDRED, I grieve that you should ask
And I refuse; but what a task
Is this that you propose to me—
To choose the fairest of the three;
And on my choice you will bestow
This brand-new collar. Mildred, no!
Regretfully I must decline
The puzzling problem, maiden mine.
Think what dissension might ensue
Among these friends so staunch and true.

Paris himself, in such a case,
By his award found sad disgrace;
And where he failed should I succeed
In—? Ah, a lucky thought indeed!
I know, of course, what we must
do:
Add to your prize another two.
“Bracketed equal.” In your eyes
I read the comment: “Oh, how
wise!”

JOE WALKER.

The Schoolgirl Champion of the Lawn-Tennis Court.



FAMOUS AT THE AGE OF TWELVE: MISS BETTY NUTHALL.

Miss Betty Nuthall has achieved fame before she has reached her 'teens, for, although only twelve years of age, she is a well-known figure in the lawn-tennis world, and plays a remarkably good game. She recently did very well at Margate, as she reached the final in the ladies' singles,

being beaten by "Miss M. Coles"; the semi-final in the ladies' doubles, playing with Mrs. Jackson-Feilden, being beaten by "Miss M. Coles" and Mrs. McIlwaine; and the final of the mixed doubles, she and her partner, Mr. P. J. Oakley, being defeated by Mr. Evans and "Miss M. Coles."

Photograph by Bassano.

One of the Beauties of the Lawn-Tennis Court.



A WELL-KNOWN WIMBLEDON PLAYER: MISS J. REID-THOMAS.

Miss J. Reid-Thomas, who competes in the Wimbledon championships and is well known in the lawn-tennis world, is of one the prettiest and most graceful

of our players. She follows the almost inevitable court fashion of the Lenglen bandeau, and usually wears her head-band in some gay, light colour.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE OLD FLAME.



By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

XI.—DIVORCE !

EVEN to-day it is an occasional complaint of my dear wife Angela that I made fun of her petition for divorce; and I know that there were many at the time who were pained by my lack of respect for the high traditions of the Court of Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce.

As to Angela, I remind her always that I meant no disrespect to her, for I never for a moment believed that she had very much to do with it; and this was made quite clear in court. The moving spirit was, of course, poor Mary Banbury, inflamed by the twin motives of busy-ness and revenge. Revenge? I hate to strike a melodramatic note in an affair so laughable; but there is no doubt that from that far-off night at Boom's, Mary had never for a moment forgotten that it was Phyllis and I who found her dancing with the policeman, and that it was I who saw what happened at the Dark End. What she did forget was my chivalrous rescue of her from the consequences of her folly and our discreet silence afterwards. But there it is; she was determined in some way to see me discomfited, and no doubt we were foolish not to take her seriously. To be fair to the poor woman (she has given up the Mortlake house and gone to live at Surbiton), I imagine her schemes ran away with her. At first, I daresay, any spicy piece of scandalous information (to set against the policeman) would have satisfied her. But the appetite grew. To put little Mr. Nathaniel Grimm, the private inquiry agent, on our tracks was at first no more than a piece of malicious fun, I imagine. But he must have cost her a lot of money, one way and another—there was that day when Phyllis and I went down the river in a boat, and little Mr. Grimm drove in a taxi from bridge to bridge (Barnes Bridge to Blackfriars), and waited patiently on each till we floated under him; and when he came back with the full story of that day, the tickets taken to the Continent, and all the rest of it—it must have seemed to Mary a pity not to use it. But, of course, she had been poking Angela long before that, and I don't blame Angela. Those innocent little adventures of which you have read, without a thought of evil,

may well have had a black look when assembled into one story and presented by an artist like Mary. But I anticipate.

As for the lawyers, they will never forgive me. It has for so long been an axiom of our courts that if a man and woman are left alone for ten minutes they will give occasion for a petition for divorce, that any suggestion to the contrary is like an affront to the Constitution. Sir Evered Rix, K.C., has received a rude blow to his childlike faith in human nature.

Nor was it only the lawyers on the other side who disapproved of me. My own solicitors were constantly protesting against the line I took in the case—my readiness to answer questions, and even to volunteer information. I remember when I went through my evidence beforehand with old Mr. Crumbles how he implored me at several points to be more discreet with the jury than I had been with him.

Old Mr. Crumbles had a grey beard and pince-nez, which he was continually taking off and putting on, without, it seemed, much reference to whether he was using his eyes or not. But I believe there was a principle behind these movements. He was very short-sighted, I know, and I fancy that when people annoyed or bored him he took his glasses off, so as not to see them any more.

He took them off now; he placed the tips of his fingers together, making a tent with his hands, and he said: "Frankness, my dear Mr. Moon, is a very good thing when the other side knows all about it already. But where they don't, why, let them find out for themselves."

"But there's nothing to find out!" I protested, for the tenth time.

Mr. Crumbles put on his glasses again.

"I know, I know," he said soothingly, and with exceeding great tact, as one who is prepared to believe any lie, for peace and quietness. "But the jury won't know that, Mr. Moon."

"I think they will," I said, "when the case is over."

"You don't know the courts, Mr. Moon."

"You don't know life, Mr. Crumbles," I

said. I was a little annoyed. And Mr. Crumbles took off his glasses again.

Even now I don't regret the case, though I was sorry that Angela should have had a public set-back. Failure of any kind means so much in the theatrical profession, and if Angela should ever want to act again it may tell against her that she once brought an unsuccessful action for divorce. At the time, too, I was a little worried on account of my little book, "Lift Up Your Hearts" which was an appeal for a new spiritual revival in the nation, and was only published a month or two before the case. One could not tell what the effect would be on the sales. Then, just at first, I was concerned for Phyllis, for I took the conventional view that it was a bad thing for an innocent young girl to be "dragged" through the Divorce Court. Not that she seemed to mind. She did complain, it is true, that "co-respondent" was not a nice name to give her; and she suggested that it would have been prettier if she had been called my Lover—or Supposed Lover. But after the first day, she enjoyed the case as much as anyone. She received three or four offers of marriage every day during the proceedings, while Mr. Smith proposed weekly, as usual, from the issue of the writ. So I don't know that she suffered much in reputation.

Socially, of course, the case was a huge success. Everybody was very good about coming, everybody wore their best, and from first to last there was never a seat to be had. Some of my friends in the City went so far as to give up an afternoon's work to attend. Stephen Trout told me at the end of the first day that it was far and away the most brilliant divorce case for several terms. I shall never forget the little luncheon-parties we had between the sittings—hurried, of course, and the food was bad; but such fun. Old Lady Baggage came every day, and on the last day she gave a great party of her own at the Waldorf. My one regret was that we could not invite Angela to these gatherings; we did think of it, but it seemed hardly decent. And, of course, she had parties of her own.

There was a huge array of counsel. And

[Continued overleaf.]

At the Banbury Horse Show: Prize-Winners and Others.



THE JUDGE OF THE HUNTERS AT THE BANBURY SHOW:
LORD STALBRIDGE, M.F.H.



WITH SAMMY: LORD CHESHAM, M.F.H., AND LADY CHESHAM.

RECEIVING THE CROP PRESENTED TO THE BEST GIRL RIDER: MISS
NICHOLLS, WINNER OF THE PRIZE IN THE CHILD'S PONY CLASS.



FIRST-PRIZE-WINNER IN CLASS 18 FOR HUNTERS: MR. J. G. BLETSOE
ON KIND KNIGHT.



PRESENTING THE COURAGE CUP TO MR. ROGER BARTLETT
ON THE CHIEF: MRS. COURAGE.

Lord Stalbridge, M.C., the Master of Fernie's, was the judge of the hunters at the Banbury Horse Show at Banbury.—Miss Nicholls is shown on Mr. G. V. Bethell's Royal Oak. She won the hunting crop presented to the best girl rider, and was also the winner in the child's

pony class.—Lord Chesham, M.C., is the Master of the Bicester. Lady Chesham, who was formerly Miss Margot Mills, is a keen sports-woman.—Mr. Roger Bartlett won the Courage Cup for the best hunter, with his The Chief.—[Photographs by S. and G. and C.N.]

(Continued.)

behind the K.C.s sat two or three rows of young barristers in their smart new wigs, like a platoon of penguins—not engaged in the case, but just “listening-in”! There was, I imagine, some interesting point of law involved in the case.

I shall not describe the proceedings in detail. The principal, and, I think, the most amusing turns were, of course, Sir Evered Rix's cross-examinations of Phyllis and myself. Sir Evered is known for a deadly cross-examiner. He combines with great art the suave and subtle, insinuating manner and the sudden tempest of brow-beating, when he is as one blown out of all self-control by a great gust of moral indignation. He is large, sleek, clean-shaven; and his pale face has that look of creamy prosperity which many K.C.s attain.

The Judge, I should add, was not the President, but an ordinary High Court Judge called in to cope with arrears. He sat under the gilt anchor, the twin symbol of Admiralty and Divorce, and he was very fatherly and nice. But he, like Sir Evered, was exceedingly plain-spoken, and used many an English word which I must not repeat.

Sir Evered took us through the various incidents narrated already in this record, one by one, beginning with the sleep-walking episode at Slings—weighing his words, and wasting about a minute over each sentence.

“On the night of June 7,” he said, “about midnight, Mrs. Banbury has told us that she found you in Miss Fair's room, with Miss Fair—”

“She found Miss Renton, too,” I observed.

“Miss Renton, too. And both of you—indeed, all of you—were in your—ah—your sleeping-suits, I believe?”

“Miss Fair was in her sleeping-suit,” I said; “I was in my pyjamas.”

“What are pyjamas?” said the Judge, who was taking careful notes.

Sir Evered explained.

“It has been suggested,” he went on, “that you were walking in your sleep, Mr. Moon?”

“Yes.”

“I put it to you”—Sir Evered paused, like Jove preparing a thunderbolt—“I put it to you, Mr. Moon, that in fact you *were not asleep at all!*”

“Quite right,” I said casually; “I was pretending.”

Mr. Crumbles took off his glasses, and heaved a huge sigh. Even Sir Evered, I felt, was staggered.

“Oh,” he said, with a sarcastic intonation. “And can you tell us why you were pretending to be asleep in a lady's bed-room, Mr. Moon?”

“To annoy Mrs. Banbury,” I said.

At this preposterous reply Sir Evered threw a quick glance at the jury, and there was a titter at the back of the Court.

“Was Miss Renton in the room when you entered it?”

“No, Sir Evered.”

“How long after you entered the room did Miss Renton enter the room, Mr. Moon?”

“I suppose about five minutes.”

“So that for five minutes—accepting your own estimate of the period, Mr. Moon—you and Miss Fair were alone in the room?”

“Yes,” I said, and added, to help the man, “she in her sleeping-suit, and I in my pyjamas.”

“What did you do then, Mr. Moon?”

“What else is there to do?” I said, with an expressive shrug. “We talked politics.”

“Did you talk politics in the lift?” said Sir Evered, with one of the swift transitions for which he is famous, “on the night of May 25?”

“Let me think,” I answered. “No, I think not. I believe we talked about kisses.”

“Kisses?” he echoed gleefully, after a burst of rich laughter in Court. “And what made you talk about kisses?”

“The decorations.”

“The decorations?”

“What's that?” said the Judge, busy at his notes.

“The decorations, melud,” said Sir Evered, fawning. “The witness says, melud, they talked about kisses because of the decorations, melud.”

“We—talked—about—kisses,” murmured his Lordship, laboriously writing it down, “because—of—the—decorations. Very well. Go on, Sir Evered.”

“I suppose it didn't go any further than *talk*, Mr. Moon?” said the advocate genially.

“Oh, yes,” I said frankly. “I kissed Miss Fair once.”

Mr. Crumbles closed his eyes and buried his head on his breast.

“You kissed her?” said Sir Evered, and added automatically, from sheer stupefaction, “And what made you do *that*?”

“The decorations,” I said reasonably.

“What is all this about the decorations?” croaked the Judge, throwing down his pen in a pet. “*What decorations?*”

“It was the mistletoe, milord,” I said, seriously. “The berries on the roof of the lift were mistletoe, milord, and I reminded Miss Fair of the old tradition that kissing is allowed under the mistletoe. It was a joke, milord.”

The Judge looked hard at me and opened his mouth, but shut it again. He then turned away and said, “Well, go on, Sir Evered.”

“I suggest to you,” said he, rubbing his hands together, “that the joke went further.”

“You have a suggestive mind, Sir Evered,” I replied disgracefully.

“You mustn't answer like that,” said the Judge severely. “You must answer the question.”

“I beg your pardon, milord,” I said humbly, “but he didn't ask me a question. He made a statement.”

Sir Evered passed hastily to a new topic.

“On the night of June 30 did you travel in a boat with Miss Fair from Chelsea to Mortlake?”

“Yes.”

“Was it about two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Moon?”

I regret to say that I laughed aloud. I had a vivid recollection of the circumstances of that particular trip.

“It was raining,” I said; “we had had a quarrel; and for most of the journey we were towed behind a tug.”

Sir Evered again passed to a new topic.

My cross-examination occupied several hours.

He made a few shrewd hits at my book, “Lift Up Your Hearts,” and he passed finally to the philosophy of the thing.

“You would say, I suppose,” he remarked sarcastically, “that your relation with Miss Fair is a pure and blameless one?”

“Certainly,” I replied. “The finest possible.”

“Aren't you forgetting marriage, Mr. Moon?”

“The affection of two people who cannot marry may be even finer,” I observed.

“I see,” said Sir Evered, with a little smile. “A platonic affection?” At which there was a great laugh.

“God forbid!” I said. “Much finer than that.”

“Come, this is very interesting,” said Sir Evered. “Would you mind developing that, Mr. Moon?”

“Certainly, Sir Evered. The platonic affection, I understand, is purely spiritual. Plato—”

“But haven't you told us—?” the knight began.

“Plato,” I continued, waving him aside,

“Plato, I gather, had no *desire* to kiss the lady. I have. What is fine about me, Sir Evered—”

“Yes, Mr. Moon?”

“Is that I don't.”

“Except under the mistletoe?”

“Except under the mistletoe.”

“Thank you, Mr. Moon,” and he sat down.

Phyllis's cross-examination followed much the same lines, except that she laughed most of the time, as if the whole thing was ridiculous. And, upon my word, as she stood there in the box, as fresh and innocent as a cherry-tree in blossom, ridiculous it was.

The Judge's summing-up followed (quite rightly) very much the same lines as Sir Evered's final speech. He said that in all the course of his experience in these courts he could not remember a more painful case: a case in which, if the allegations made were true—and that, of course, was a question which the jury must decide for themselves—the guilty parties had not only pursued a course of wickedness of which, unhappily, they had only too many examples in that court, but they had pursued it openly and brazenly, with a wanton defiance of all the conventions as understood by civilised people. The respondent had given his evidence with the utmost frankness, and had voluntarily made several damaging admissions, which might be taken as an indication of honesty, whatever their bearing on the question of his moral character. But they could see for themselves that he was a trifler, a man of no fixed principles; and they would have to consider whether these answers might not proceed from impudence rather than the candour of an innocent man. It was not denied that on one occasion he and the co-respondent had planned to elope together to the Continent; but the respondent said it was a kind of pretence or game, carried out partly for their own amusement and partly to annoy the witness Banbury—an expression which he repeatedly used. Whatever they thought of the propriety of such a pretence, they would have to consider carefully whether he was to be believed or not; and in doing so it was legitimate to inquire whether a man engaged on such a piece of make-believe would be likely to push his realism to the extent of purchasing two first-class tickets to Paris. On the other hand, there was the fact that he did not go to Paris, and had quite openly recovered the money for the tickets. Then again, there was the childish story of the mistletoe. It had been suggested by counsel that the witness Banbury had some spite or grudge against respondent and co-respondent, which had caused her to foment the trouble between husband and wife; but respondent had resolutely refused to suggest any possible cause for that spite or grudge, and they would have to take that into consideration. The co-respondent was a young person of fresh and engaging demeanour, and they might think from her appearance and conduct in the box that it was impossible that she should be guilty of the charges brought against her. On the other hand, they might reflect that standards had changed, that the modern young woman was notoriously as depraved as she had always been, under the mask of innocence which she had always carried; and that Eve in the moment of the original temptation may well have worn an aspect not less ingenuous than that of the co-respondent (*laughter*). They would weigh very carefully the evidence which concerned the sleep-walking episode. The respondent had stated quite frankly that he was only pretending to be asleep—in order again, it seemed, to irritate his host and hostess, the Banburys; and for a period of time he and the co-respondent were alone in the latter's bed-room, both in their night attire. Of all the alleged occasions of misconduct this was the one which they would find most difficult to set aside. It was an

(Continued on Page xviii.)

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**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
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Wife of the Peer who Wants to See London "on Stilts."



FORMERLY MISS PEARL CRAKE: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

Lady Montagu is the second wife of the second Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. She is the daughter of the late Major Barrington Crake, was married in 1920, and has a little daughter, the Hon. Anne Rachel Pearl Douglas-Scott-Montagu, born in 1921. Lord Montagu, who was

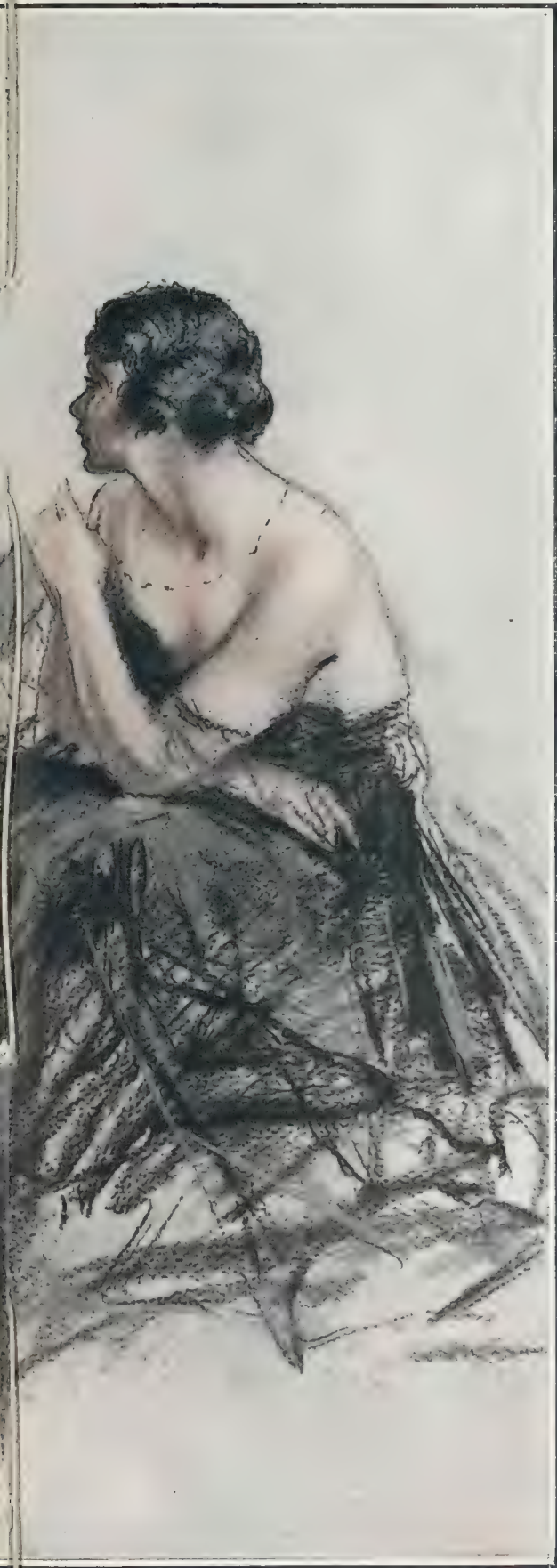
one of the pioneers of motoring, has recently written a series of articles on the subject of the London Traffic Problem, in which he suggests a series of overhead roads to relieve the congestion in the capital. These plans were referred to as "putting London on stilts."

Photograph by Yevonae.



LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

FROM THE DRAWINGS



OF: THE CHARM OF THE UNSTUDIED POSE.

INGS BY WILLIAM ABLETT.

A New Co-Optimist at the Palace.



STRAIGHT FROM NEW YORK: MISS ANITA ELSON.

The return of the Co-Optimists to the Palace is one of the theatrical events of the week, and all Londoners were delighted at the thought of again enjoying one of the light-hearted programmes which the gay company offer. Although Miss Phyllis Monkman and other "originals" are not taking part in the present entertainment, Davy Burnaby and

Melville Gideon are to be seen, and there are several notable additions, such as Miss Anita Elson, the charming artist who was seen not long ago in "Little Nellie Kelly," and has, since then, had a considerable success in New York. The versatile Miss Hermione Baddeley is also one of the newcomers, and Miss Nita Underwood.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Heather for a Winter Garden Primrose.



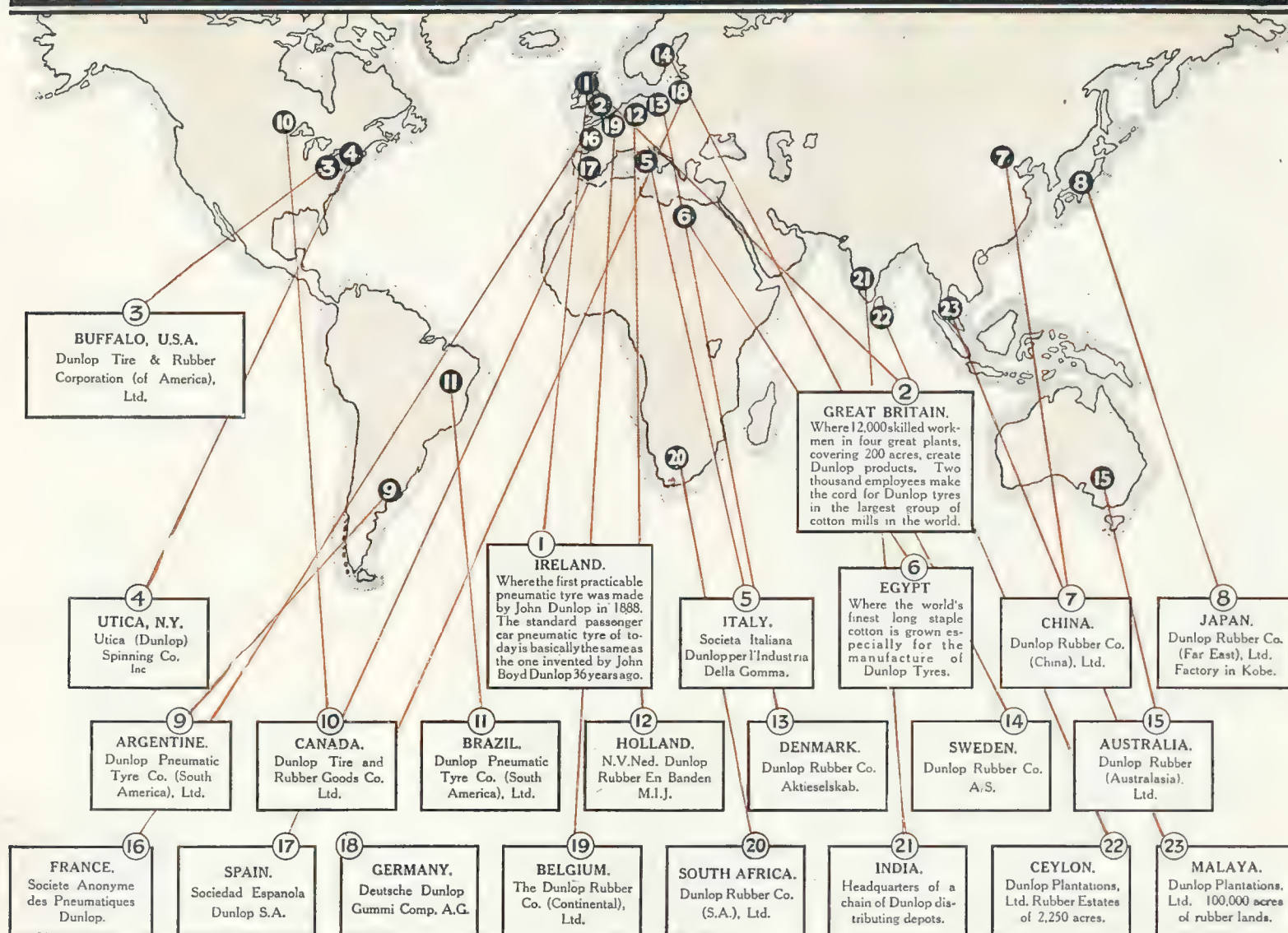
TO APPEAR WITH MR. LESLIE HENSON IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

Miss Heather Thatcher, the young actress who has recently been seen to such advantage as Victoria, the flirtatious Maid in "To-Night's the Night," at the Winter Garden, is a member of the cast of

"Primrose," the new musical comedy which is to succeed the successful revival of "To-Night's the Night." Another photograph of Miss Thatcher, taken on the shore at Dinard, appears in this issue.

Photograph by Ernest Mills.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DUNLOP



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'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'



Criticisms in Cameo.



I.

"PANSY'S ARABIAN NIGHT," AT THE QUEEN'S.

WHAT a wild, fantastic extravaganza! What a rollicking burlesque! Instead of a Persian carpet of fantasy, Mr. Walter Hackett has woven the old materials into a very modern design, and the incongruity of his result is genuinely farcical. The hidden jewels, the villains with pistols and knives are there, and also there is a front door of mystery. But instead of magic we get merriment, and satire in place of poetry. Motor-cycle combinations, like two-seater cars, have a happy peril of their own which is never mentioned by motor salesmen. They will break down in the remotest places. This possibility had no terrors for the adventure-seeking Pansy, who had been nurtured on the pabulum of circulating libraries and cinemas, while her meek side-car companion, Argo Attawater, whose only passion was for dull books, obviously had more faith in machines than in women. Put not your trust in either. Outside a big and apparently untenanted manor-house the combination had come to a full stop. They hammered at the front door, and at last it opened itself. The heart of Pansy fluttered with excitement, for she was entering a castle of romance; but the head of Attawater was concerned with the telephone and the A.A. However, the wires are cut, and circumstance plays the strangest tricks before high heaven. The marooned motorists are compelled to assume the character of people of whom they have never heard. Mildness and melodrama are strange bedfellows in adversity. The woman-hating Attawater conceives a sudden passion for "The Woman"—the dark lady of the films, though Pansy, being feminine and well versed in screen lore, knows her for a villainess. The machinations of the household of scoundrels transform the gentle, unromantic passenger of the side-car into a "harsh, ruthless, and domineering" edition of Orlando Furioso, for Pansy has a standard that he tries to live up to. It is very funny to watch these forced heroics, and the burlesque bit home because we could believe in the situation. The last act, unfortunately, tailed into inconclusive insignificance. Farce must have its foundations bedded in fact. When his travesty has identity the author's burlesque is thoroughly entertaining; when it is meaningless the spice is gone, for there is no *raison d'être*.

The honours of the evening are shared between Mr. J. H. Roberts as Attawater and Miss Marion Lorne as Pansy. He would be a dull dog who could not laugh heartily at them. Mr. Malcolm Keen, the butler; Mr. Campbell Gullan, the Portuguese; Mr. Edward Rigby, the Chinese Charlie; and Miss Mary Clare as The Woman play their Munchausen-like rôles with such vim that the burlesque and stimulating mockery of "Pansy's Arabian Night" loses none of its point and makes excellent entertainment.—G. F. H.

II.

THE ANGMERING PLAYERS IN "THE TEMPEST."

SUSSEX by the sea loses something of its poetic glamour when bitter winds blow in August and dark rain-clouds scud across the sky. I know that I was glad to find that Y.M.C.A. hut, for "The Tempest" within was preferable to the threatened one without. It is only a tiny stage these Angmering Players possess, lit with a few incandescent lamps and a simple back-cloth for scenery. But have we not already learned at the Old Vic, the futility and waste of elaborate mounting? I have been present at plays where there was such a wealth of unexpected business, so many

changes of scene, so much illumination and colour that the action seemed paralysed. All these et-ceteras were so many distractions. They retarded movement and dissipated attention. After all, a theatre is not a palace of reflectors, but a temple where life is heightened to a noble dignity. Pasteboard settings and limelight effects do not add one inch in stature nor one ounce of strength to the players. So that the apparent limitations of this Y.M.C.A. hut and the difficulties of the narrow platform had ample compensations to offer. Mr. Martin Browne, the producer, worked miracles. He presented a production



TO TOUR WITH MR. DENNIS EADIE, IN "THE ETERNAL SPRING": MISS JILL ESMOND-MOORE, DAUGHTER OF MISS EVA MOORE.

Miss Jill Esmond-Moore is the sixteen-year-old daughter of Miss Eva Moore, the well-known actress, and her husband, the late Mr. H. V. Esmond. Miss Jill, last year and the year before, took part in the annual revival of "Peter Pan," and is now about to start on tour with Mr. Dennis Eadie in "The Eternal Spring." Our photograph shows her in the costume of a Woman of the Gold Coast, which she wore at a recent Pageant Ball. She is the niece of Miss Decima Moore (Lady Guggisberg), whose husband is the Governor of the Gold Coast.

Photograph by Lafayette.

almost without fault. Every word of Shakespeare's golden tongue fell like music on the ear. Every action had the simplicity and significance that is too rare in a big theatre, where intimacy is impossible. These

young actors have uncommon ability and unbounded enthusiasm. Here we felt the majesty of the spoken word, and it was so strangely moving that I could have imagined I was listening to "The Tempest" for the first time. This was Caliban, ugly, cruel, sensuous, and yet pathetic. Bravo, Mr. Gravely Edwards! Your conception was brilliant and your performance one I shall long remember. How sweet, too, was the Miranda of Miss Nancy Kohnstamm. Her face, framed in long dark hair, and the tender accents of her voice set Lamb's essay at defiance where he says that Shakespeare's heroines cannot be realised. The Ferdinand of Mr. Godfrey Winn was played in just the right key, moving as through a dream; and how beautifully he speaks, too! Mr. Lyddon Surrage as the faithful Gonzalo and Mr. Robert Holmes as Sebastian both deserve praise; and I must not forget the delightful humours of Trinculo (Mr. Evan John Simpson) and Stephano (Mr. Roland Crassley), nor the elfin charm of the sprite Ariel, so winsome and delicate as played by little Margaret Zangwill. When Miss Clemence Dane said that the Angmering Players were free from criticism she claimed the toleration that amateurs deserve, but such a performance as I saw this afternoon is above criticism. It turns critics into lovers.

G. F. H.

III.

"THE PLASTIC BALLET," AT THE COLISEUM.

I WAS only just in time to see Mme. Claudia Issatschenko's ballet dancers at the Coliseum. A hard drive up from East Preston through wind and cold showers, with vivid memories of Angmering filling my brain, brought me back to town tired and rather indifferent. Yet such is the magic of beauty, the stimulus of enthusiastic crowds, that, once I had taken my seat, my mind was alert again. Grieg's barbaric music swept across from the orchestra, and four girls in Egyptian dancing costumes tripped before the footlights. It was a poem of graceful movement, a symphony of colour, an arabesque pattern of exquisite design. The little dances followed quickly in varying moods, all full of sinuous grace and rhythmic movement. The Idol was a plastic creation of uncanny witchery. The rise and fall of the arms and the monumental stillness of the bodies grouped in tableaux before the black curtains, and the *pianissimo* accompaniment of Schubert's melody, touched the whole audience to eerie silence. It was as though some dim, distant Fate before whom men had trembled looked across time with inscrutable gaze. A moment later, and Spring with joyous abandon was dispelling our fears. Infatuated fancy was playing its tricks, and evoking pictures of dawn and dew and the babble of April's Lady. A charming little national dance, "The Kariatids," came next, and the ballet concluded with a riotous, joyous "Marche Militaire" that stirred us all to rounds of applause. It seems a far cry from the bare Y.M.C.A. hut to the wonderful Coliseum stage, and yet the artistic success of both performances, widely different as they are, has the same common basis. The photo-scenists and painters had no share in either. The illusion of reality is won by a plain setting. It is all sham and make-believe, all artificial. Just because there was no attempt to paint the temple or a spring morning, the impression of poetic reality was deepened. It was the music and the movement that cast the spell. It was the puppet show, *le spectacle*, the dancers moving grotesquely or deliciously in perfect unity and patterned grace, the postures, the grouping, the poetry of motion that moved us to joy, and we were not stifled by the property man.

G. F. H.

FILMS OF THE MOMENT: NO. XXII.

ATTENDED BY BLACK
PAGES IN TRUE
EIGHTEENTH-
CENTURY STYLE:
MISS PAULETTE
DU VAL AS MADAME
DE POMPADOUR
IN THE NEW
LONDON PAVILION
FILM.



RODOLPH VALENTINO
IN THE NAME
PART OF "MONSIEUR
BEUCAIRE": THE
DUC DE CHARTRES
AS A PLAYER
IN THE ROYAL
THEATRE
AT VERSAILLES

The screen version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," the famous romantic tale created by Booth Tarkington, which has had such a tremendous success as a play and a light opera, is now running at the London Pavilion as a Famous Players-Lasky Paramount picture, and is a most enthralling film. In the play—in which the late Lewis Waller made so great a success—the Duc de Chartres is shown at Bath, masquerading as a barber; but the audience is not introduced to the scenes at the French Court which led to this escapade. In the screen story we see the quarrel between the Princesse Henriette and the Duc de Chartres, and the malicious intervention of La Pompadour, who induces the King to command them to

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."



LOUIS XV.
ANNOUNCES THAT
THE DUC DE
CHARTRES MUST
MARRY THE PRINCESS
HENRIETTE: MISS
BÉBÉ DANIELS
AS HENRIETTE, MR.
LOWELL SHERMAN
AS THE KING,
AND MISS PAULETTE
DU VAL AS
LA POMPADOUR.



MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE TAKES THE AIR AT BATH: RODOLPH VALENTINO
IN THE NEW LONDON PAVILION PICTURE.



THE DUC DE CHARTRES DISGUISED AS A BARBER: RODOLPH VALENTINO
AS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF HEROES IN FICTION.

marry—an order which makes the Duc fly to England in disguise. The luxury and 'pomp of the French Court under Louis XV., and the elegance of Bath are all admirably presented; while Rodolph Valentino, the famous film star, plays the Duc de Chartres. It is his first picture for two years.

A Frankau Film Heroine at Home at Cobham.



BY THE LILY-POND IN HER COBHAM GARDEN: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM
AND HER SISTER.



"ALLETTE BRUNTON" IN THE FILM VERSION OF
THE FRANKAU NOVEL: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM.



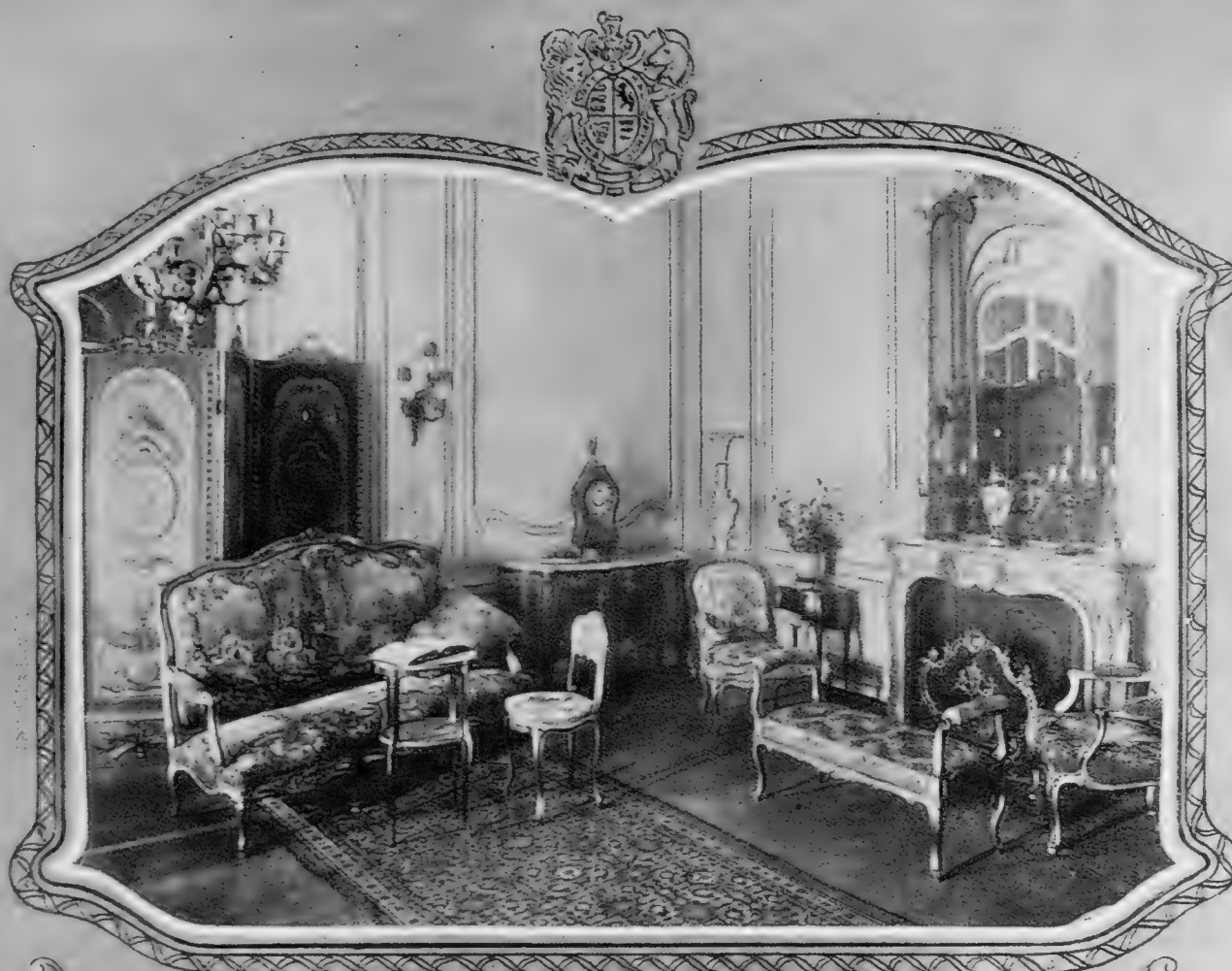
AND A VERY ELEGANT SCARECROW! MISS ISOBEL ELSOM
AND HER SISTER.



BY THE WALL ON WHICH FOXGLOVES AND SNAPDRAGONS GROW:
MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AT HOME.

Miss Isobel Elsom, the beautiful and talented young actress, who has recently been seen in the Grand Guignol productions at the Comedy, and before that as the heroine of "The Green Goddess," is featured in

the new Stoll film, "The Love Story of Allette Brunton," based on the well-known novel by Gilbert Frankau. Our at-home photographs of Miss Elsom were taken at her home at Cobham.



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Plays of the Moment: No. XXXIX. "Our Cabaret."



VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS NOW AT THE VICTORIA PALACE:
THE DOLORES TWINS.



TWO OF THE SEPTEMBER FOLLIES: MISS IVEY COLLETTE
AND MR. ERNEST MARINI.



A REVUE ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN SCULPTURED BY EPSTEIN:
MISS MEUM STEWART.



IN HER SPANISH NUMBER: MISS JOAN CARROLL,
OF "OUR CABARET."

The Victoria Palace is presenting a novel bill of attractions this week, for the latter half of the programme in its variety entertainment is now occupied by "Our Cabaret—September Follies," which is described as a new fashion in vaudeville. "Our Cabaret" will be completely changed every month, and the September Follies will be followed by an October

variety, and so on. The company includes Miss Joan Carroll, the Dolores Twins, Miss Ivey Collette, and Mr. Ernest Marini, and others.—Miss Meum Stewart is the revue artist, and the busts of her by Epstein, the famous sculptor, are well known to all who are interested in modern art.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE staging of lawn-tennis and the fact that the game has now found a place on the programme of a London music-hall yields further evidence of its universality. I have not been to see this



KING ALFONSO.
A KEEN PLAYER.

turn given by the four professionals (my friend A. E. Beamish among them), but I understand that several members of the orchestra at the Coliseum are convinced that there is no "pat-ball" about the game.

A popular red-nosed comedian of the 'nineties used to sing a song the chorus of which concluded with the lines "A fair old, rare old, rickety, rickety crew." Anything less "rickety" than these four very fit athletes one can hardly imagine; while, on the other hand, they form a crew which could most certainly be called "rickety."

This is distinctly the only way to present the game on the stage. About two years ago, what was called a tennis number (it should have been lawn tennis) was introduced into a cabaret entertainment; most of the girls, however, failed to make any stroke which could have been at all effective in either of the two games. This was not because they had been imperfectly coached. Rehearsals of this number were conducted under the personal supervision of no less an expert than B. I. C. Norton.

The lady champion, Miss McKane, has again been filmed with a view to assisting the beginner to understand the various strokes and their method of production. Slow-motion pictures taken of her service are said to impress upon players the necessity of throwing the ball high in the air. For the ball is seen to creep slowly up above Miss McKane's head at a snail's pace, and disappear out of the top of the screen. After what seems a long wait, the law of gravity gets to work on the ball and it slowly returns to view—and the strings of the lady champion's racket. Personally, I do not believe we can look with much confidence to the screen as a means of developing champions of either sex.

The terrific thunder-showers which have been playing such havoc with the long list of grass-court fixtures nearly every week have caused the hard courts to be brought into use. From a manager's point of view, these red rubble courts act as a life-saving apparatus to many a tournament which otherwise would have been drowned.

Scarborough—the Wimbledon of the North—has proved a big success in spite of the weather. The semi-finals of the men's singles was an All-India-and-South-Africa affair. Louis Raymond, the captain of the South African Davis Cup team, beat another member of it—J. Condon. And, in the other half, the wily Sleem defeated S. M. Jacob.

Thus the final resolved itself into a match between two players of vastly different methods and personality. Raymond is a tremendously hard hitter; his fore-hand



F. M. B. FISHER,
WINNER OPEN SINGLES
AT PARKSTONE

drive, particularly, comes across like a shot from a gun. It was said beforehand by supporters of the Indian that Sleem would counteract the South African's severity by crafty returns; that his racket would act as an emollient upon the harsh drives of Raymond, and deprive him of the pace which engenders pace. There was little of this to be noted, however, and the prophets who foretold a close match saw Mohammed Sleem driven off the court with a score of only eight games to the South African's eighteen. Never did it seem that more than three sets would be necessary to decide the matter. Again, in the men's doubles, Raymond and Condon put out the Indian pair, Sleem and Hadi, in the semi-final, and gave South Africa another success by defeating Lycett and McCrea in the final.

Miss McKane made no doubt about her match with Miss Holman, overwhelming her opponent with a score of 6-2, 6-0. Those of her admirers who foolishly allowed themselves to be shaken by the recent result at Buxton (when the lady champion retired to Joan Fry, in consequence of the rain-sodden court, with the score of 6-4, 4-3 against her) must have been delighted to find that Miss McKane is still supreme among women in this country.

The child, Betty Nuthall, very nearly proved better than the adult entrants at the Margate tournament. Only "Miss M. Coles" prevented her from winning the open singles. After taking the first set, 6-3, Betty found her opponent a bit too strong for her. As

she did again in the mixed doubles, where "Miss M. Coles" and Major Evans robbed Betty (part-

nered by P. J. Oakley) of success in the final.

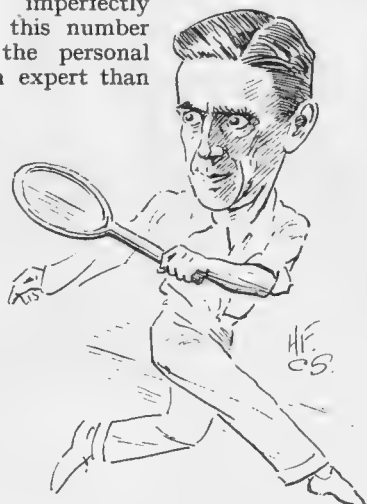
The Dorset county meeting at Parkstone is seldom held without the names of Mr. and Mrs. Tuckey on the lists. And whatever the luck of the draw, one or other, or both, will be found either in the final or to have actually emerged a winner. Thus it was at the recent tournament. The old "Grasshopper" was in the final of the open singles; but here F. M. B. Fisher came through from the other half and beat him in two straight sets. Fisher was far too clever for Tuckey, and the result was no surprise. To Mrs. Tuckey fortune was kinder. She had, the previous week, carried off three events in the Isle of Wight championships at Ventnor. Here, at Parkstone, she very nearly repeated the success. She won the ladies' singles from Mrs. A. Clayton; and the ladies' doubles—with the able assistance of Mrs. Beamish. But the third victory was denied her in the mixed. Eames and Mrs. Beamish are a couple that would be expected to beat the strongest combination. The Tuckeys are not that, and therefore went down very easily to their formidable opponents.

The fair Helen (plus her eye-shade), with Vincent Richards, won the national mixed doubles championship, defeating the powerful pair, Tilden and Mrs. Mallory, by a score (6-8, 7-5, 6-0) which suggests a great struggle in the first set, another in the second, and a runaway victory in the third.

There will be much interest surrounding the appearance of the champion, Jean Borotra, in America. One cannot, of course, neglect the effect of climatic and other conditions on such a temperamental player as this virile young Basque. But if he can produce anything like the brilliant form that carried him through at Wimbledon he will take a lot of stopping.



C. O. TUCKEY,
FINALIST OPEN SINGLES,
PARKSTONE



J. B. GILBERT,
WINNER BOGNOR
OPEN SINGLES



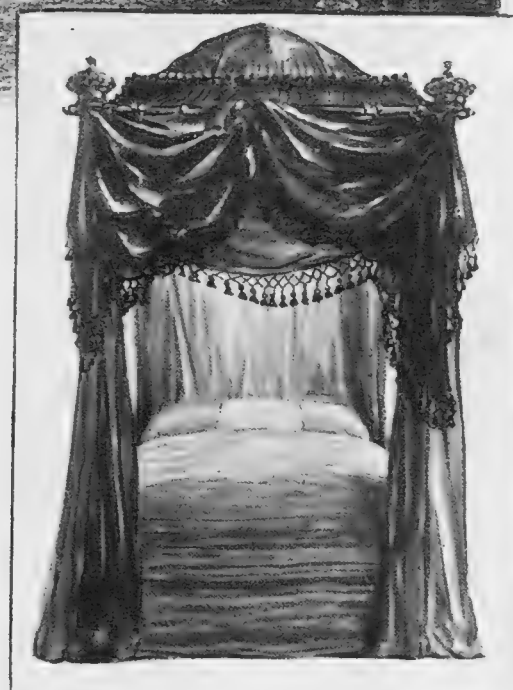
REFEREE BRINGING IN TWO SOLE
SURVIVORS OF THE DORSET COUNTY
TOURNAMENT.



The Dining Hall, Newstead Abbey.

"Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
 "By no quite lawful marriage of the arts
 "Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined
 "Form a whole which irregular in parts
 "Yet formed a grand impression on the mind
 "At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts."

NO better description than this word picture of Lord Byron's could be given of his ancestral home, ancient Newstead Abbey, that magnificent relic of monastic design and mediæval architecture. The older portion owes its existence to Henry II., who built and endowed this with many another abbey in expiation of Thomas à Becket's death. Happily have these abbey buildings been united to the 16th century castellated mansion of the Byrons. Among the many apartments of great historic interest are the tapestried rooms of Edward III., Henry VIII., and the great dining room, finished in the olden style, once the monks' refectory. This old building plays no part in martial tale or civic strife, but it charms with a wonderful individuality, particularly because of its associations with Lord Byron, who here spent his happiest hours. Individuality is not confined to a person or a building. John Haig Scotch Whisky possesses it by virtue of outstanding merit—maturity and quality unrivalled. Since 1627 it has attained universal fame.



Lord Byron's Bed.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

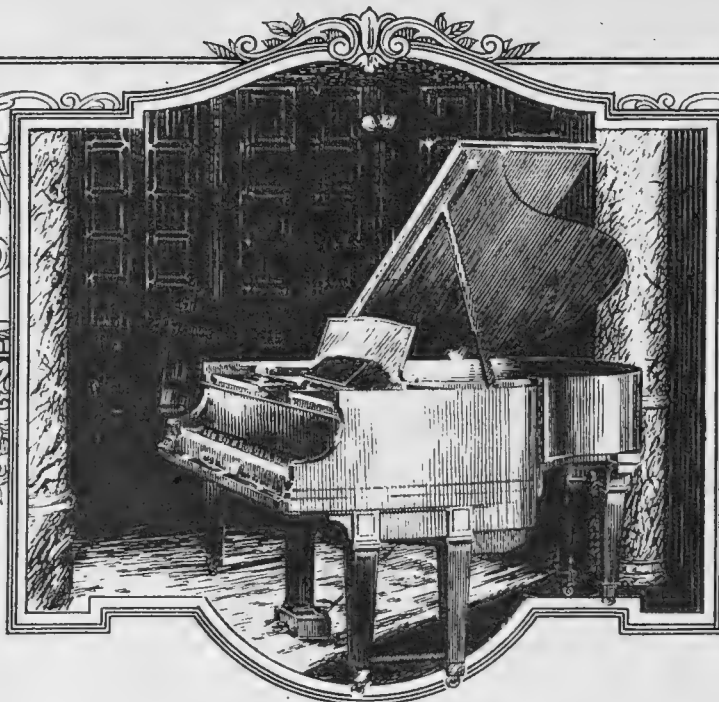


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CURTIS.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"A Pilgrim in Spain."

George Borrow, you will remember, declared that the happiest years of his life were passed in Spain. Spain, he declared, was the most magnificent country in the world, probably the most fertile, and certainly possessed the finest climate.

Borrow was not certain, however, whether the children of Spain were worthy of their mother. He refused to answer the question. He was unwilling to indict a nation. He said that, amongst much that was "lamentable and reprehensible," he found much that was noble and to be admired; much stern, heroic virtue; much savage and horrible crime; of low, vulgar vice very little—at any rate, among the great body of the Spanish nation. He would not vouch for the morals of the nobility, for he had nothing to do with the upper ten; he preferred the society of the peasants, the shepherds, and the muleteers.

I have been once only in Spain myself, and then, unfortunately, I witnessed a bull-fight. It is difficult to admire people who dote on bull-fights, not so much because one sympathises with the bull—after all, it is better to die fighting than in a slaughter-house—as with the unfortunate horses. This is not the place to dwell on the horrors that befall the poor blindfolded horses. Anyway, that afternoon spoilt for me one of the most attractive countries in the world, and I have no doubt at all that bull-fights have done as much for many other people who have a sincere love of horses.

Defending the Bull-Fight.

Mr. Aubrey Bell, author of "A Pilgrim in Spain," agrees about the cruelty to the horses, but thinks rather highly of the bull-fight as a national institution.

"Other nations," he says, "engage in brutal sports, but criticism has naturally fastened on the magnificent spectacle of the bull-fight, where the cruelty is witnessed by thousands in the full light of the sun, just as it fastened on the splendid, awe-inspiring show of the *auto de fé*, although the number of those actually burnt were very few. Brutal as is the carnage of old horses in the bull-fight, and one thinks avoidable, of the bull-fight as a whole one would rather say that life is brutal and the Spaniard sincere."

I hope I may be forgiven for saying that this seems to me rather muddled reasoning. Because life is brutal, which is true enough, the Spaniard is justified in buying up a large number of emaciated horses, and having them slowly gored to death in the presence of excited men, women, girls, and boys. As who should say, "Since life is brutal, let us

go the whole hog. These horses are quite useless. They have spent their lives toiling for Man in the glare of the Spanish sun. Now that they are old, let us put them to death in the most horrible and gruesome manner that we can imagine. That will teach them, perhaps, not to expect gratitude from Man at the end of their days. Besides, there is money in it."

A National Sport.

"It is the national sport of the Spanish people," continues our author blandly, "an ancient tradition which is one of the few things that remain unchanged, ancient even in the sixteenth century, when Santa Teresa, going by night to found one of her convents of barefoot Carmelites, met the bulls being driven in for next day's fight. But in one respect," he admits, "the bull-fight has changed, for whereas in old days

A Friendly Hint.

If the Spanish people are so courageous in looking life and reality unflinchingly in the face, I would advise them to call on these national qualities without delay, and have the courage to abolish the bull-fight altogether. If they cannot kill a bull until it has tired itself out by goring blindfolded old horses, then they had better search about for some other national sport. I venture to say that Spain will never be well thought of—in proportion to her other great and undoubted merits—among the civilised nations of the world until she puts a stop to this public and wholly unnecessary torture of worn-out horses.

"The bull-fight," insists our author, "is a splendid sight, a magnificent tradition; it keeps thousands more or less harmlessly occupied for hours every holiday."

"More or less harmlessly" is good. I would advise our friend to study the mental disease known, roughly, as "blood-lust." In my humble opinion, it is to this decadent strain that the bull-fight, as at present conducted, appeals. He must know perfectly well that the majority of the crowd wants slaughter, that the more slaughter there is the more vociferously they applaud, whilst they are apt to be very angry if sufficient blood is not shed in the arena.

Winter in Spain.

However, let us turn from that much-discussed topic to a picture of Spain in winter.

"There are gardens everywhere, great and small, in Seville, and such gardens! In those of Santelmo (the Parque Maria Luisa) one is glad of shade even in December, when there is a lovely profusion of roses and oranges everywhere, the place is filled with their scent. The chrysanthemums are just over and the camellias are not yet in flower, but plumbago, maurandia, periwinkles, jasmine, jonquils, and many other flowers are out, and roses, roses everywhere. Low-clipped hedges of sweet-

scented myrtle border a pond of green, stagnant water with water-lilies afloat on its surface, and there are avenues with arcades of cypress, tall date-palms and eucalyptus-trees, trellises of honeysuckle and roses, long seats of glazed tiles, and many fountains, likewise covered with glazed tiles."

In December, mind you. What a fortunate people to live in a country where one is glad of shade in December! Not that one must disparage, by comparison, the English climate. There was a day this summer—I remember it distinctly—when one was almost impelled to seek shade. And Christmas Day is nearly always mild and sunny. So we do get our sunshine, though it is a little awkward never knowing when to expect it.

[Continued overleaf.]



ENGAGED: LADY KATHERINE CARNEGIE AND MR. W. B. L. MANLEY.

The engagement of Lady Katherine Carnegie, only daughter of the late Earl of Northesk, and Elizabeth Countess of Northesk, and sister of the present holder of the title, has just been announced. Mr. W. B. L. Manley, her fiancé, is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the elder son of Major and Mrs. W. E. Manley, of 62, Albert Hall Mansions.

Photographs by Lafayette and Swaine.

men mounted on noble steeds attacked the bull with their lances, the *suerte de pica* is now performed by men on the sorriest hacks, brought cheap and liberally sacrificed. It is this traffic in old horses which everyone wishes to get rid of, representing as it does the sordid side of an otherwise magnificent show. . . .

"At present the new sensibility of the spectators is to be catered for by throwing a cloth over the dead and mangled horses; but this is mere mockery—a device worthy of a more hypocritical people, unworthy of the Spain which has always shown such courage in looking life and reality unflinchingly in the face. The problem will have to be dealt with more fundamentally if the bull-fight is to survive."

Continued.]

The "Serenio." But they have their troubles, also, in Spain. In this country one of the tortures of life—a very real torture to the light sleeper—is the clock that stupidly bangs out the hours, and the half-hours, and the quarters all through the night. A survival, of course, from the days when people had no watches or clocks of their own. In some enterprising places the public clocks are stopped from striking the hour during the time of sleep. But I have been kept awake in a cathedral town the whole night long by this idiotic booming.

In some of the ancient towns of Spain, I read in this volume, they go one worse. They have a dreadful fellow known as the *Serenio*. A misnomer, if you like. He is a night watchman, and gets his name from the last word of his cry, which refers to the weather.

"He carries a lantern and a pike, the thud of which on the pavement may be heard throughout the night in any old Castilian town; and a great bunch of keys to open the house-doors for those who return late from the cafés, for which service he receives a couple of pesetas a month from each householder. One hears a clapping of hands, a shout for the *serenio*, then silence, then another clapping, another shout, and finally the slow advance of the pike thumping on the granite far up the street, then a heavy jangling of keys, a short conversation, a *buenas noches*, the slamming of a massive street door, every sound distinct in the clear air and prevailing silence."

I shall not visit any old Castilian town. Even in Spain there must be some penalty for homicide, and my plea of justifiability would probably be misunderstood.

Inns.

Our author assures us that at many Spanish inns today clean beds and good food are to be had. On the other hand, you must not be surprised if the innkeeper refuses to serve you with dinner. It seems that many years ago, long before the days of Queen Elizabeth, the innkeepers were such thieves that a law was passed enacting that inns should provide service only.

In this happy country, of course, we need no such law. Every motorist knows that all our hotels are good, all the beds well aired and comfortable, all the food well cooked, and all the bills reasonable to the point of absurdity.

For all that, we do not have masses of flowers in winter, nor are we compelled to crawl into the shade in December. A land where the sun shines all the winter will never be lonely, despite bull-fights, bad inns, and the *serenio*. I hope this interesting book will lure you to Sunny Spain.

"The Three of Clubs."

Mr. Valentine Williams skips easily about the Continent of Europe, and wherever he goes he can make your heart beat, and your flesh creep, and your skin tingle, and your eyes bulge, and your lips twitch, and your limbs tremble, and your blood congeal.

If you expect any more than that for the money, you must go to some other author. And where you will find him I cannot tell you.

The three of clubs. At Venice it fluttered down from a window above the private landing-stage of the *Danieli*. It fluttered down to a gondola—which was a jolly good shot—and the white hand that picked it

up trembled as it divided the black curtains.

In the baccarat rooms at Monte Carlo one von Bartzen, an Austrian, found the three of clubs fallen face upwards between his elbows. He was winning at the time, but the blood ebbed from his face and he walked straight out of the Casino.

At Borchardt's restaurant in Berlin Colonel Trommel, late

his hands fat and dimpled, and his feet as small as a child's.

Not a prepossessing person, nor had he nice habits. The Count's hobby was strangulation. He could strangle anybody with those pudgy fingers. What is more, he had done it more than once. He was not the fellow to threaten. He just came at you and strangled you.

"The head was all brow—a great, bulging brow with a forward rake that was scarcely human, that recalled rather the facial construction of a new-born gorilla or one of those horrors that anatomists preserve in spirits of wine."

How would you like to find yourself in the power of such a man? And what if your best girl was also shut up in another part of the castle? And what if Count Gellert was on his way to strangle her whilst you were busy with papers of State at the risk of your life?

Ah, well. It is really too bad to get you going like this, but I daresay the library is just round the corner.

"Joan Peterson—Sport."

Joan Peterson was engaged in an office. She was confidential secretary to Mr. Lansing. She was good at her job.

In the same office there was a Miss Graeme. Miss Graeme was very lovely but incompetent. So she got the sack.

Joan was furious. Miss Graeme was no such great pal of hers, but if Miss Graeme went Joan went. She told Mr. Lansing as much. Mr. Lansing, the cad, let them both go.

So they went together, and tried to face the cruel world together.

It was frightfully pathetic. Miss Graeme went to dances nearly every night to keep her heart from breaking; but she was so poor that she had to wear a dress at least four times.

"She was wearing a short, almost excessively simple frock of jade charmeuse with no trimming but a heavy jet girdle, yet she seemed richly and wondrously garbed, and Joan realised that the cost of that dress would have kept her in clothes for six months. This was the fourth time that Christine had worn it since she had been at the flat, but to Joan it was still beautiful. . . ."

Think of the pathos of wearing a dinner-jacket four hundred times!



AT THE HALDON MEETING: MISS MAVIS JONES CHATTING WITH MR. W. E. DRURY, THE TRAINER.

This snapshot of Miss Mavis Jones and Mr. W. E. Drury was taken at the Devon and Exeter Steeplechasing and Hurdle Races.—[Photograph by B.I.]

of the Great General Staff, found the three of clubs lying by his plate. What did Trommel do? He basely abandoned his oysters and made a dive for the train—but he had the presence of mind to borrow a hundred thousand marks from the head waiter. I suppose that was to pay the cab.

And a lot of other people got the three of clubs in a lot of other places.

The outstanding figure of the story, despite his stature, is Count Gellert. He stood barely four feet high, but he had an immense head that reminded the hero, when he found himself a prisoner in Gellert's lonely castle somewhere in Hungary, of pantomime masks that he had seen as a child. His shoulders were massive, and his body was well proportioned, but his arms and legs were short and stunted,



THE OPENING OF THE 'CHASING SEASON: MRS. BOOTH AND CAPTAIN S. SIMMONS AT THE DEVON AND EXETER MEETING.

The Devon and Exeter Steeplechasing and Hurdle Races were held at Haldon, near Exeter, last week.

Photograph by B.I.

A Pilgrim in Spain. By Audrey F. G. Bell. (Methuen; 12s. 6d. net.)

The Three of Clubs. By Valentine Williams. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

Joan Peterson—Sport. By Margaret Armstrong. (John Long; 7s. 6d. net.)

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Petrol Prices. History has a habit of repeating itself, so that the motoring public may hope to see a reduction in cost of fuel this autumn on the basis of the increased importation of petrol during the past seven months, together with a diminution in its use as winter draws nigh. Last year the price fell from two shillings to one shilling and eightpence-halfpenny in

as compared with the 1923 figures. This may be offset by an increased production between May 31 and the present day; yet the statistics do show that those who expect a fall in fuel prices have these as evidence for their belief. There is one pleasing factor in regard to the British motor-car industry; that is, whereas its output was about 25,000 vehicles per annum in pre-war days, it is now about 50,000 per annum, and exports are increasing.

Low-Pressure Cord Tyres.

I have always admired the caution displayed by the Dunlop Company before offering a new product to their customers. Hence no surprise need be felt that their low-pressure tyres have not been "boomed" during the past season. Also, although there are a number of motor-carriage owners who are willing to pay for the cost of extra fitments, the bulk of the motoring community detest "extras," and expect full standard equipment for their cars. To add a further reason for this reticence, as with most other manufacturers, it takes some time for the factory to turn over from one type to another, so as to produce in sufficient

quantities to satisfy any reasonable demands from the public. However, to-day one can buy the new Dunlop balloon tyre which is of the wired-edge type. The reason for this is that a tyre designed to be run at extremely low pressures should be independent of the inflation pressure for its retention on the rim of the wheels. This theory has been exhaustively tested, and has completely proved its inherent soundness in practice. Hence the Dunlop balloon tyre is of the wired-on type, and is retained on the rim by virtue of its inextensible wire edges being smaller in circumference than the lips of the rim. Beaded-edge tyres are essentially inflation-held, which every motorist has proved for himself, if a tyre of this pattern has burst or punctured on the road at speed. The straight-side type of tyre is also a wired-on tyre, and as the Dunlop Company have been building that particular form for some years, they are now able to construct a balloon tyre on this principle at a price no higher than that of a beaded-edge tyre of the same nominal size and capacity. This low-pressure cover is used

in conjunction with a well-base rim made in a single piece, in which the necessary strength can be provided by a much lighter construction. It also gives a simple means of fitting and detaching the tyre, while also permitting the tyre-valve to come through the side of the rim. This latter feature is very convenient when it is remembered that the actual diameter of the car's wheels is very small with balloon tyres, also that there is a general tendency towards the adoption of larger brake drums on all four wheels. Big cars as well as small ones are being provided with balloon tyres, so that the standard range of Dunlops apply to a Rolls-Royce or a 7-h.p. Austin, as well as being interchangeable on cars with American balloon rims. An important point that users of low-pressure tyres should always bear in mind is that with such a low inflation, the margin of error in running at the right pressure is much smaller. Therefore, cars with balloon tyres need to have the pressure correct, as recommended by the tyre-maker, for the applied load they have to carry, or else troubles may arise. It is equally important to avoid too high inflation pressure as it is to guard against too low. So one thing has produced another in that now such car-owners had better purchase one of the new sensitive tyre-testers produced by the Dunlop Company, which register extremely low pressures with accuracy; in order to keep their "balloons" from running at non-economical inflation-pressure. Some cars also require a new jack, for when a balloon deflates there is a greater drop, and when properly inflated it needs to lift higher, so one must own a jack that is smaller or less in height when closed, with a longer and higher lift when extended. Dunlops also make a jack to



WITH AN OUT-SIZE FELIX AS A PASSENGER: THE OVERLAND DE LUXE TOURING CAR WHICH WON THE PRIZE AT WIGTON CARNIVAL.

Our snapshot shows Mr. E. Mason's Overland de luxe touring car at Wigton Carnival. He won first prize for his amusingly decorated car, with the Felix passenger and notice that the famous cat has at last given up walking, as he finds more comfort in Mason's cars!

July, and again, in September, to eighteen-pence-halfpenny per gallon. It certainly was raised later to its present price of one shilling and elevenpence; but, as there has been no reduction at the moment of writing, it can be expected shortly. Supply and demand still are the dominant factors in the price of most things, so that with the huge amount of motor spirit available, there is a prospect of the supply overreaching the demand. For the seven months ending July 31, some 40,500,000 gallons have been imported into the United Kingdom in excess of the quantity received for the same period in 1923. The actual amount was 242,813,674 gallons, which conveys some slight idea how greatly motoring has developed this industry. Yet, judging by the information furnished by the statistics provided by the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Transport, the production of motor-cars in Great Britain is less this year than last. Unfortunately, the figures available only include the production and imports up to May 31. These show that whereas the increase in the number of cars in use at that date for the preceding twelve months, for 1923, was in round figures, 74,500, the increase for this year is only 52,000. The debatable point, however, is the number of vehicles that wear out and have to be replaced each season. Some judges place this at two per cent., others at a higher ratio; but unless the Society of Motor Manufacturers persuade their members to publish figures of the actual production of each factory, this replacement output must remain a matter of guesswork. However, taking the lowest estimate of two per cent. as a guide, the British production of cars has dropped nearly 10,000,



TOURING IN SCOTLAND: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

Touring conditions in Scotland this year have not been too good, owing to the torrential rain which has fallen most of the summer, but the 40-50-h.p. Napier six-cylinder car shown in our snapshot came triumphantly through the test of steep Scottish roads.

suit these conditions, so can fit those needing it with a full equipment for balloon tyres, besides the actual wheel covers to give softer cushioning of the uneven road-surfaces.



America v. Britain at Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



The Box of Tricks.

Next week—on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12 and 13—we shall discover what new blood can do when put to the test in the greatest team match of the year at golf—

they have gone out somewhat in the role of forlorn hopes. Probably nobody in this country wants to back them at even money. Still, their spirit is by no means forlorn. It is represented by a remark which several of them made to me at different times in the weeks before their departure: "I think we have a great chance of winning." That, at any rate, is the kind of mettle that makes anything possible.

A Gloomy Past.

It is possibly some comfort to the British team to know that it cannot do worse than previous British sides have done in this match, for they have all been beaten—on the Royal Liverpool links at Hoylake in 1921; at Long Island, New York, in 1922; and at St. Andrews last year. The only occasion on which the Americans ever looked in the least degree like being defeated was at St. Andrews twelve months ago. They had a very narrow shave then. Britain secured the foursomes on the first day by three games to one; and a lead in the foursomes had hitherto been the prelude to success in international golf—in the England v. Scotland match as well as in the America v. Britain contest. The home players appeared to have the situation in hand at the end of the morning round of the singles on the second day. However, several of them

championship in this country, and, if proof were needed of the pairs of spurs which these bold crusaders have yet to earn, it could be found in the fact that Mr. E. F. Storey is the only other player who has appeared in the final of that event. Of the others, it can be said that they have all shown the qualities of giant-killers on occasion. Mr. O. C. Bristowe has beaten Mr. Wethered in the Oxford and Cambridge Society's tournament; Mr. Robert Scott jun. has done the same in the amateur championship; Mr. D. H. Kyle has defeated Mr. Tolley—everybody has done something when the spirit has moved him. The chief hope seems to be in the chance of this self-same spirit moving them all at the right time and place—next week at Garden City, New York.

Preparations.

One thing certain is that no British team has ever been at so much pains to get into form as this one. All the players practised diligently, and took lessons so as to polish up any weak points in their game prior to their departure. American hospitality is wondrously generous, and it is clear that the visitors are to be given a right good time. I saw the programme for their first few days in America. It bristled with attractive possibilities, not the least interesting being the gaily worded official announcement—"The Links Club will entertain the players as their guests, and later,



ENJOYING A CHAT WHILE WAITING TO PLAY:
LADY MILDRED FITZGERALD AND LADY GRAHAM.

Lady Mildred Fitzgerald is the wife of Sir John Fitzgerald, twenty-first Knight of Kerry, third Baronet. She is the youngest sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and is a keen golfer.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

the struggle between the United States and Great Britain for the Walker Cup. The event will take place at Garden City, New York. About the British side there is a good deal of the element of an engaging box of tricks. We are all expectancy, wondering what kind of show it is going to provide. We have infinite faith in the skill and personality of its leader, Mr. Cyril Tolley. Is he sufficient of a magician to be able to put his party of comparatively modest heroes on to the links and convert them with a wave of his wand into lions rampant and invincible? Or is he going to produce mostly rabbits? Truth to tell, there is a suggestion of the innocents going cheerfully to the slaughter in the circumstance of this team of little-tried British players being now in the United States preparing to attack an American team of extraordinary power—a side consisting almost entirely of men who have won either the amateur or open championship of the United States, or both.

Strong Hearts. Still, it is possible to find a piquant interest in the fact that this company of inexperienced crusaders is dashing in full of hope where angels, armed with divine drivers and putters, well might fear to tread. Mr. Tolley is the sole member of the party who has previously been to America. He, Mr. W. L. Hope, and Mr. W. A. Murray are the only three who have played against the United States in this fixture. It is no carefully thought-out enterprise which has caused us to be represented almost entirely by a team of virgin adventurers in international golf. Mr. Ernest Holderness, Mr. Roger Wethered, Mr. Robert Harris, and Mr. John Caven would have been included if they had been available. However, there is the situation as we find it. The players know that

fell sadly from glory, and even grace, in the afternoon, and the United States snatched an eleventh-hour triumph by one game. From the British point of view, that result was at once encouraging and disappointing. I really do think that it can be said of the new side that, if it manages to obtain a favourable position at any stage, it will not let the opportunity slip through sheer over-anxiety, which was the trouble last year. It is a team with the will to conquer. Whether it has sufficient ability is another question.

Teeming with Talent.

America's is a team of all the talents. It has two of the most wonderful young players ever seen in any country—Mr. Jesse Sweetser, who is twenty-two; and Mr. Bobby Jones, who is twenty-three. It has three men who are towers of strength in their skill, experience, and capacity for winning hard matches—Mr. Robert Gardner, Mr. Chick Evans, and Mr. Frances Ouimet—although they are all under thirty-five. It has another Tolley in the person of Mr. Jesse Guilford; a very accomplished though unexpected reigning champion amateur of the United States in Mr. Max Marston; and a remarkable late beginner at the game in Dr. O. F. Willing—a real "live-wire" who treads the links like a cat on hot bricks, and hardly ever fails to get down a putt when it is wanted. He is a most engaging man to watch; I like particularly his way of having a good look right into the hole just before putting, as though to imprint its capaciousness on his mind. I imagine that these are likely to be America's eight representatives of the ten men who have been asked to hold themselves in readiness to play. Of the British side, Mr. Tolley is the only player who has won the amateur



WITH HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER, MISS KATHERINE KINLOCH: GENERAL SIR DAVID KINLOCH, C.B., M.V.O.

General Sir David Kinloch, eleventh Baronet, of Gilmerton, is a well-known figure at North Berwick. Miss Katherine Kinloch is the younger of his two daughters, and is in her eighteenth year. Sir David's elder daughter is the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton.

Photograph by P.I.C.

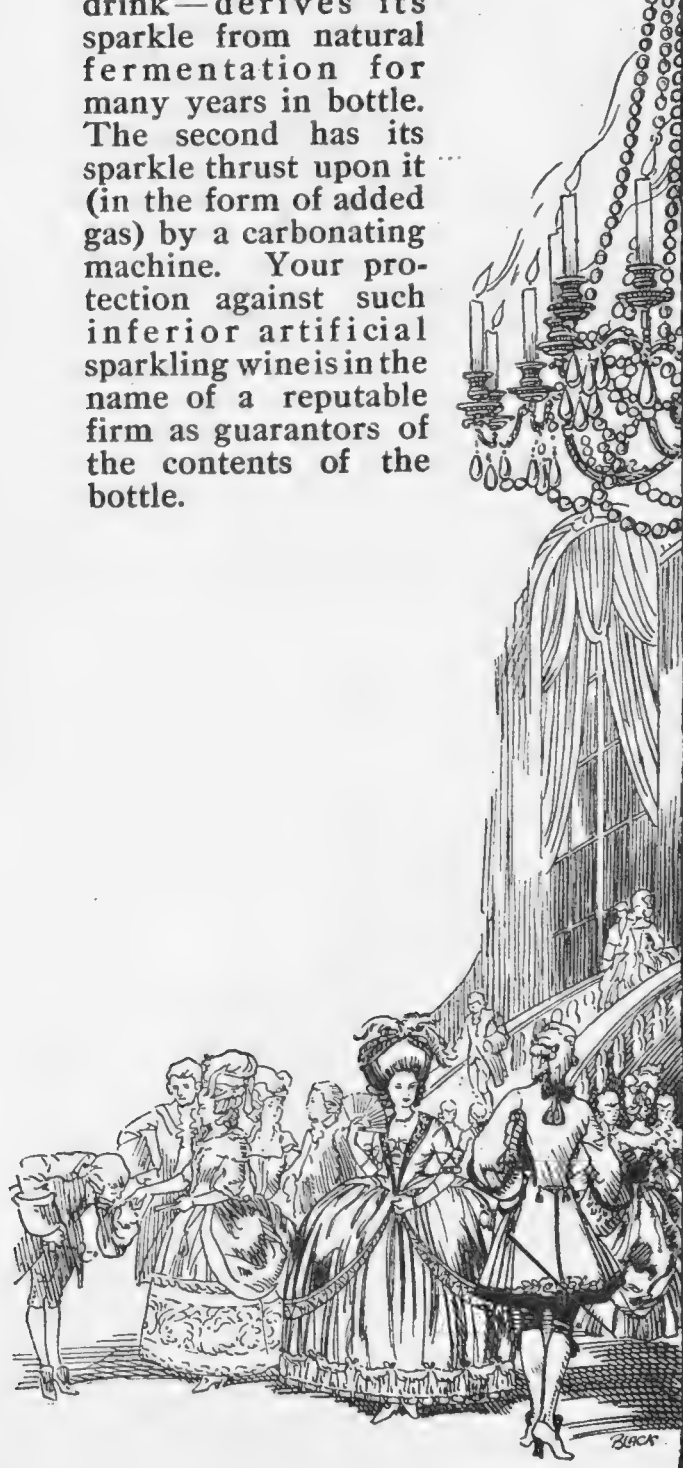
at the Follies, Will Rogers will call them on the stage and ask them to show their line of goods." However, we may be sure that their minds will be concentrated on the match until they have won or lost it, and we wish them luck.

Notes on choosing a Wine



Sparkling Muscatel

There are two kinds of sparkling wine. The first—and the kind that you should drink—derives its sparkle from natural fermentation for many years in bottle. The second has its sparkle thrust upon it (in the form of added gas) by a carbonating machine. Your protection against such inferior artificial sparkling wine is in the name of a reputable firm as guarantors of the contents of the bottle.



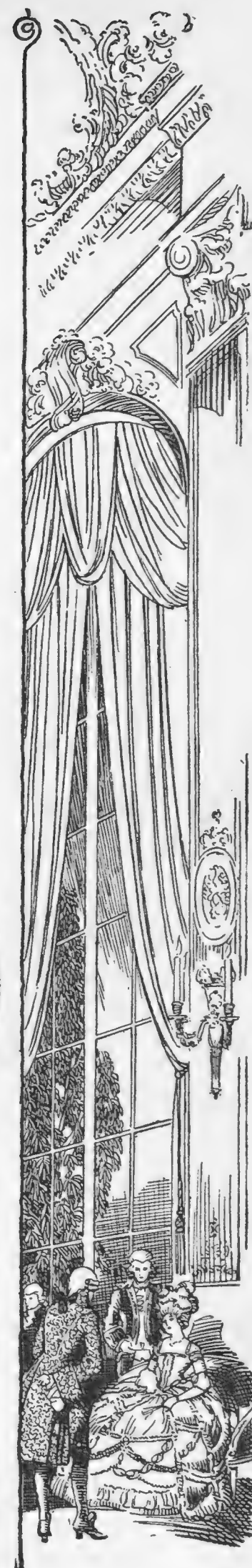
"Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel is a fine wine, with a sparkle that only slow, natural fermentation in bottle can give. Grierson's select the wine from choice French growths, and have it maturing under their care for years before shipping it to this country.

In Hotel or Restaurant, or from your Wine Merchant—wherever you order "Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel, it carries Grierson's guarantee to be the pure juice of the grape, always of uniform excellence.



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THE qualities which give style to shoes are seldom very marked. Minute variations in proportion, the fit at ankle and instep, and the placing of the straps determine the grace and comfort of a shoe. For this reason the characteristics that distinguish a smart, modish shoe from a commonplace one cannot be successfully conveyed by illustration. Those below merely indicate three out of many smart and popular models which we have in your size and individual fitting.



FS 1230
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"Cleopatra," a model in fine quality Patent Leather, with medium Louis XV heel. Shoes in this shape can also be supplied in Golden Brown and Beige Suede.



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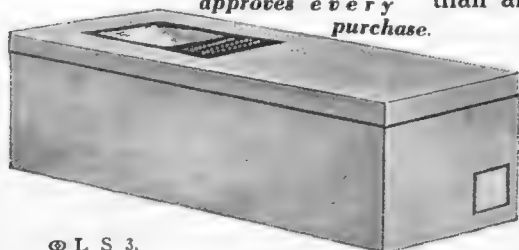
This is an exclusive London Shoe Company model in Hazel kid with beige suede underlay. Smart Louis heel.



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A smart but neat satin strap shoe with Louis heel and ornamental paste buckle. Being an especially well-fitting shoe it is ideal for dancing.

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In quest of a Shoe she found a Service

THIS is the experience of many ladies who first came to us because they were attracted by a particular style of shoe that we were displaying. Perhaps they never chose the shoe they came to buy. Very likely among the numerous and varied styles awaiting their inspection they found many others just as modish, just as gracefully modelled, as the shoe they first desired, and among them one more exactly suited to their individual requirements. And in the pleasant task of deciding their choice they discovered the helpfulness and courtesy of the London Shoe Company's service.

If you have not yet experienced the joys of selecting shoes for their becomingness to you personally, then choose your next pair from us. If you visit our Bond Street, Sloane Street or Regent Street shops you will find that we rely on a stock more varied and exhaustive than any in London. Promenade shoes for

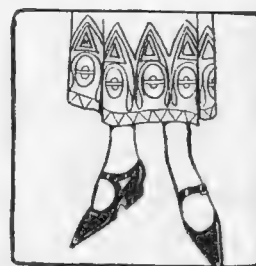
town wear in every variety of open-work and novel strappings are available in both Louis XV. and low heels. We have them in plain and coloured suedes, kids and patent leather, or in the fashionable mixed leathers. There are short brogues for sports wear

in light and stout leathers, and in various weights of soling. Many of our new sports shoes for golf and tennis show the influence of the strap, but those who preferred laced brogues will find them with either leather or crepe rubber soles. For evening wear, sumptuous brocades and coloured satins, gold and silver tissues, plain or shot with colour, and gold and silver kid are stocked in lovely new designs, showing open-work, and single or double strappings with plain, coloured or jewelled heels.

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For the use of our out-of-town customers we have prepared a catalogue (S) of shoe styles which

we will send post free. Ladies who live in reach of London, however, should be well advised to make a personal visit. Whether you wish to buy now or later, we would welcome a visit, if only to satisfy yourself that our service is as we endeavour to describe it.



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WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard

The Grand Prix at Deauville.

Fate could scarcely have been more unkind than she was at the great event of the season, the Grand Prix at Deauville. Lovely as the toilettes had been at the preceding races, one felt that the real *pièces de résistance* were being jealously hidden until that all-important Sunday. Alas! it arrived heralded by torrents of rain and a temperature worthy of November. Nevertheless, it was an occasion which demanded beautiful wraps, and those at least were in no way disappointing. Magnificent cuffs and collars of sable and chinchilla trimmed amusingly checked coats wrapped tightly round the figure; while kasha in soft greys and fawns was constantly bordered with gazelle or leopard. With these wraps were worn wonderfully patterned scarves and plain felt hats, the latter cleverly repeating subtle touches of colour present in the scarves.

Gay Plaids at the Potinière.

Despite the weather, however, the hour for shrimps and an *apéritif* at the Potinière each morning (after a non-existent bathe) offered many alluring distractions. Felt hats were here, there, and everywhere, the majority boasting the new high crown and tiny brim; while one irresistible affair assumed the sweeping lines of a cowboy's Rodeo head-dress. *Pouffes* of cross osprey or piquant little bows of the same felt were the favourite modes of decoration. Soft white coats bordered with the quaintly marked Russian mouse or dyed hare were thrown over simple little frocks expressed in every variety of plaid imaginable. Vivid mustard and cerise were allied in one, and jade and orange in another—daring inspirations which I must confess were surprisingly attractive.

"Sunburn" Stockings and Complexions.

At the first glance I received the impression that everyone at the *plage fleurie* went happily stockingless, but a closer inspection banished the illusion. Stockings there were, but of a peculiar sunburn shade which exactly matched the arms and the complexion—the latter a veritable triumph achieved by the subtle use of "sunburn" powder. Not to break the harmony of the ensemble, even the lips were tinted to the exact shade of carmine or vivid scarlet

introduced in the frocks or scarves! The only contrast allowed were magnificent plaque brooches of diamonds and pearls pinned negligently just below the shoulder; while flat diamond bracelets, sometimes three or four inches wide, studded with emeralds and onyx, reached elbow-high, even in the daytime!

Fashions at the Casino.

At night, the lofty Restaurant des Ambassadeurs in the Casino and the sacred baccarat-room formed effective backgrounds

silver tissues, lined with many-hued velvets and collared in chinchilla, rivalled long capes of ermine and sable; while metal brocades in exquisite designs and colourings made brilliant splashes of colour.

The New Shingle.

The absence of head-dresses compared with past seasons was distinctly noticeable. Content with amazing ropes of pearls round the neck, and wide diamond bracelets covering each arm, the majority wore their hair un-

adorned; while a few had posed a scarlet-tinted camellia just behind one ear. One unusual head-dress, however, attracted universal attention. It took the form of a tight black-satin skull cap, from one side of which drooped lovely fuchsia-tinted ospreys reaching well below the shoulder. The new shingle also made its début, and is, I must admit, more bizarre than becoming. Its object is to reveal the ears which women have discreetly hidden for so long. Several daring spirits had their hair cut exactly like a man's, and kept rigorously straight to complete the illusion; while others affected a slightly longer length at the back, still shaving the front and outlining the ears. Against the sun-tinted complexions—perfect masterpieces of art—and the glittering background of the Casino, the effect was striking and distinctly *chic*; but I cannot help feeling that prudent people will rather wonder first what will be their appearance in the less kindly daylight with this severe coiffure outlining sharply every contour of the face in the most relentless manner!



A fascinating quartet of the new season's models from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W. The three-piece suit on the left is expressed in black suede cloth, trimmed with opossum, and champagne plissé georgette. A scarf of scarlet and gold decorates the coat-frock of navy blue repp; and next is a coat and skirt in nigger gabardine collared with moleskin. On the right is a coat and skirt built in the new patterned tweed, and bordered with opossum. (See overleaf.)

to the multitude of beautiful dresses and jewels. Every frock scintillated with beads worked in intricate designs; one *chef-d'œuvre* carried out a plaid in shot blue and bronze; and many in pure white were decorated with embroidered festoons of exotic flowers. Extremely short skirts, completing the new long tunic reaching to the knees, appeared everywhere, the tunic either perfectly straight or flaring slightly from the hips. Waists were conspicuous by their absence, and jewelled girdles, poised lightly on the hips, seemed to emphasise the slender silhouette. The cloaks and wraps were no less gorgeous. Gold and

achieved needed constant attentions throughout the long hours in the baccarat-room. Consequently, every fair gambler was armed with a well-fitted vanity-case to answer every emergency. From one irresistible affair in black onyx studded with diamonds swung a jade silk tassel no less than a yard in length; and another, a small circular disc in scarlet galolith, boasted no fewer than three pendent tassels. Yet this innocent appearance was deceptive, for the centre proved to be a powder-box; and cleverly concealed in the respective tassels were a lip-stick, an eyebrow pencil, and a scent-flacon.

(Continued overleaf.)

Fascinating Vanity Bags.

Naturally, the perfect complexions so deftly

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Weight Reduction Without Fears.

I suspect that the tendency of the new autumn fashions to accentuate even more the straight, slim silhouette will not be wholly popular. But fashion must be obeyed—and nature aided—in achieving the much-desired silhouette. One is naturally loth to undergo a drastic system of dieting or to have recourse to methods which have doubtful effects on the health; but no one, I think, could cavil at the simple expedient of sprinkling special bath-salts in the daily bath. The Cyclax Violet Ray Bath Salts work wonders in the way of speedily reducing superfluous weight. Mrs. Hemming, the well-known expert at the Cyclax Salons, 58, South Molton Street, W., declares that they are absolutely non-injurious and astonishingly effective. A delicately perfumed violet bath once a day is all the treatment necessary, and the salts will do the rest. A bottle containing sufficient for twelve baths is obtainable for 7s. 6d. from all chemists and stores of prestige; but, should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to the Cyclax salons. By the way,



The slenderness that we admire so much in others can be easily attained with the aid of Cyclax Violet Ray Reducing Bath Salts. They are a product of the Cyclax Company, whose salons are at 58, South Molton Street, W.

it must not be forgotten that there is a Cyclax remedy for every beauty blemish, great or small, and I advise all readers of this paper to apply for their interesting illustrated brochure, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty." It will be sent gratis and post free.

Fashionable Coiffures.

A century or so ago it was the ambition of every celebrated coiffeur to design wigs more extravagant than those of his rival, and towering, turban-shaped head-dresses which bore not the slightest resemblance to real hair were the result. To-day, however, the art of hairdressing is a very different matter. One has only to glance at the fashionable coiffure pictured on this page to appreciate the perfection of the modern transformation, which is a faithful

reproduction of nature at her best. It is one of the famous La Naturelle transformations created by M. Georges, the clever artist in hairdressing, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The hair is naturally wavy, and can be dressed according to individual taste. Every detail of the natural scalp is carefully reproduced, and the closest scrutiny will not reveal the secret. Transformations are from 12 guineas, and toupets from 5 guineas; while it is useful to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. An illustrated catalogue giving full details will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. It includes particulars of switches and curls innumerable designed by this clever artist, which are of especial interest just now to owners of shingled locks who are growing their hair.

Coats and Skirts for the Autumn.

September heralds the reign of the coat and skirt and the coat-frock, and many of the new season's models are already to be seen at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W. Pictured on page 483 is an interesting quartet from these salons. On the extreme left is a three-piece suit carried out in black suède cloth—a fascinating new material—plissé, champagne georgette, and American opossum. The long coat is lined throughout with the same georgette, and the jumper is adorned with tiny gold buttons. Next comes a graceful coat-frock in navy repp, boldly relieved with a scarf of scarlet georgette embroidered in gold. Well-tailored coat-frocks in wool marocain, perfectly straight, with lines of buttons running from neck to hem, can be secured for 42s.; and there is a wide choice of two-piece suits, afternoon and morning frocks, for 98s., in a diversity of new colours and materials. In the centre is portrayed a distinctive coat and skirt in nigger-brown gabardine, with collar and cuffs of moleskin, completed with the unusual border of black braid lattice-work over a scarlet plaid. On the extreme right is one of the new tweeds, designed in striking patterns and colourings. It is trimmed with natural Australian opossum. Coats and skirts of this captivating material trimmed with leather can be obtained for 6½ guineas—really ideal affairs for country wear; and others in velour trimmed with deep woollen fringes and embroidery are 8 guineas each. Briefly, everyone in search of something new should visit Peter Robinson's without delay.

"4711" Eau-de-Cologne.

Train journeys, driving, and all the tiresome impedimenta which accompany the traveller unite to give one that tired and jaded appearance which so often marks the end of the holidays. Welcome relief can be obtained in a moment by a few drops of

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A becoming La Naturelle transformation, created by M. Georges, the well-known coiffeur, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

the blue-and-gold label of "4711" is a sufficient guarantee. In addition to its other merits, "4711" eau-de-Cologne in a sick-room or an office acts as a disinfectant and wards off disease. It is obtainable from all chemists and stores of prestige in little watch-shaped bottles with sprinkler tops to fit conveniently in the handbag, and also in wicker-covered bottles for travelling, ready for every emergency.



A Good Samaritan on every occasion is 4711 Eau de Cologne, whose refreshing qualities drive away fatigue and soothe the nerves.



The "BRASSEY."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their *superfine quality* Felt. Absolutely waterproof, very light in weight, the brim will withstand the wind and roll up for the pocket. A very distinctive Hat, it is quite different from anything yet designed, with the new pleated back and wing brim, which being patented (No. 218580) cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sizes 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. In black, castor, tabac, tan, Cuba, beaver, nigger, light grey, carbon, white and cinnamon Price **37/6**

"PATENT No. 218580." Proceedings will be taken at once against anyone infringing this patent.



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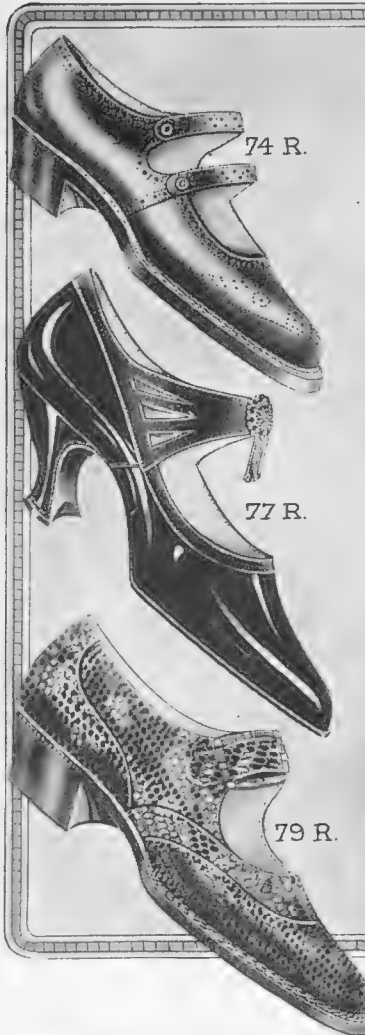
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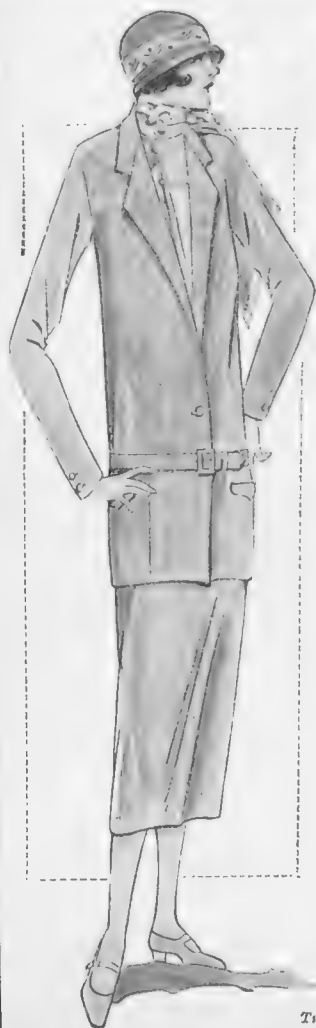
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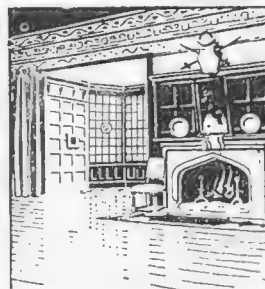
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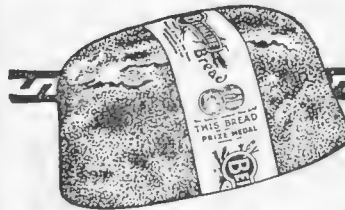


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Both full of hints on how to
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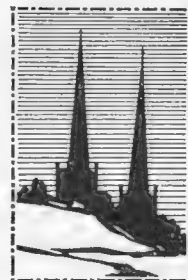
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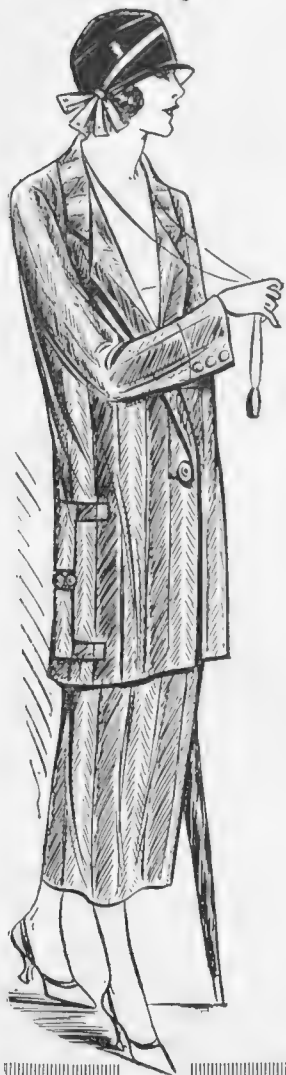


Tunic JUMPER SUIT in all-wool with V neck and turn-over collar. Attractive Oriental embroidery provides the very smart trimming in contrasting colourings. In shades of Tabac, Beige, Covert and Rust. Price - Gns. 5½



A smart belted COSTUME designed for Tweeds and Suitings and lined throughout in silk. COAT is cut in the new length with large pockets and stitched inverted pleats form the yoke. Plain well-hung skirt. Herringbone and mixed tweeds in a variety of colours. Price Gns. 4½

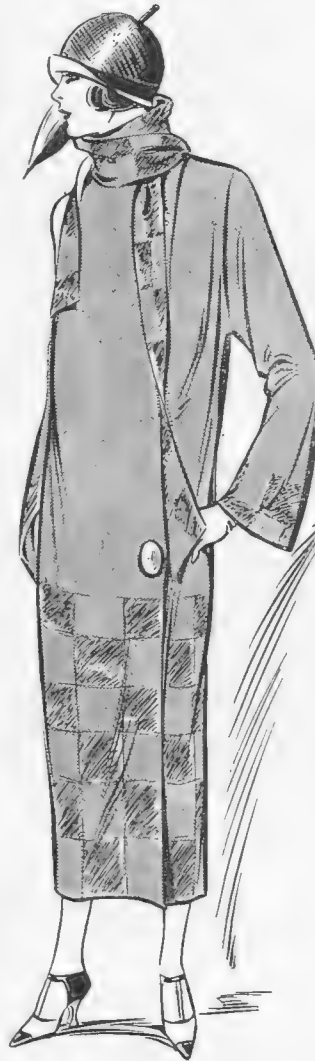
COAT and SKIRT in Tweed and Saxony Suitings in varied colourings of choice new Autumn shades. The COAT is cut on straight lines with strappings which form pockets, the whole being finished off with buttons. The SKIRT is particularly well cut in the wrap-over style. Price - Gns. 5½



It is, of course, more satisfactory to call in person and be fitted; but where that is impracticable, you may order by post without hesitation. Complete satisfaction is assured.



Silk and Wool Bouclette FROCK fashioned on smart, straight lines, with cross-over effect and finished with self-coloured silk braid. In shades of Nut-Brown, Beige and Clerical Grey. This Frock is stocked in S.W. and also full sizes. Price - Gns. 4½



An original COAT for travelling or hard wear in soft Tweed with wide border of large check in contrasting shades, and half-lined with silk to tone. The new long scarf collar completes a charming ensemble. In Grey, Brown and Fawn. Price - Gns. 6½



Attractive COAT and SKIRT in corduroy velour trimmed with reversed strappings of self-material and lined throughout in silk. The Beaver Coney collar is made from excellent quality skins. The wrap-over skirt is again introduced. In Grey, Brown, Beaver, Tan, Navy and Black. Price - Gns. 6½

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WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Outfits for the Coming Term. Family shopping for the autumn term invariably engages everyone's attention during the first two weeks of September. No one is more critical of their clothes than the modern schoolboy or girl, and to choose their outfit lightly invites fatal results. But possible errors are avoided by enlisting the aid of Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, E.C., who enjoy a far-famed reputation for everything connected with school outfits. Pictured on this page is the Bolton overcoat, a well-tailored, practical affair obtainable for boys from twelve years upwards. It is belted and fitted with inverted pleats at the back, and ranges in price from 45s. to 70s., made in friezes, tweeds, and naps. Well-cut Upper School suits can be obtained in three distinct styles from 43s. 6d., comprising every shade in Scotch cheviots, cashmeres, and serges; while black vicuna jackets and waistcoats can be secured from 42s. 6d. upwards. To all readers who apply mentioning the name of this paper Samuel Brothers will send a complete list giving in detail everything necessary for a Public School outfit—an immense saving of time and trouble. Also it must be noted that articles will be sent on approval when desired.

The Schoolgirl's Catalogue. Nowadays, the schoolgirl's outfit has to conform to as many laws, written and unwritten, as that of her brother. Here, again, Samuel Brothers are an infallible guide, and application should be made for "The Schoolgirl's Catalogue," which contains a wealth of valuable information. There are man-tailored regulation serge coats and skirts obtainable from 63s., fitting a girl aged thirteen years; and serviceable school frocks in fine serges ranging from 45s. 9d., size 27 in.

The small maiden portrayed on this page is wearing a delightful autumn coat in periwinkle-blue velour trimmed with grey fur. It costs 89s. 6d., size 27 in.; and for ordinary everyday school wear warm coats in velour or serge, with cosy scarf collars, can be obtained in the same size for 42s., made with a deep



The modern boy and girl insist that their school outfits must be perfect in every detail, and the prudent parent takes them to Samuel Bros., Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, E.C., who are responsible for these practical models. Periwinkle blue velour trimmed with grey fur makes the charming little coat on the left, and navy blue nap the well-tailored overcoat on the right.

hem to allow for growing. Incidentally, it is well worth requesting also a copy of the "Tiny Tots' Season's Number," which gives in the same way everything needed by the denizens of the nursery.

A Grand World Tour. A most fascinating tour to India, Burma, Malay, China, Japan, the Rocky Mountains, and Canada, to leave London on Dec. 18 next, is being organised by Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., of Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Mr. Gray has issued a beautifully illustrated descriptive itinerary of this grand world tour. Only about twenty people will be included in his party, and everyone desirous of visiting these interesting countries free from all worry and the usual irksome incidents attending world travel should write to Mr. Gray for a copy of the descriptive itinerary. Mr. Gray is a much-travelled man, and known in all countries of the world, and this is the sixth world tour he has personally organised and conducted. This tour, under his protection and comradeship, affords a unique opportunity for anyone without a companion to see the wonders of our Empire and the glamour of the East.

A Matter of Pronunciation. Considerable controversy rages around the pronunciation of many familiar words and names. Take the well-known *Ciro* pearls, for instance. Though known all over the world, there exists considerable doubt as to the right way to say "*Ciro*." Some people call it "*Sy-ro*," others "*Ki-ro*," and there are even other variations which are confusing and equally incorrect. Bearing this in mind, *Ciro* pearls are, we see, trying to educate the public to describe their pearls uniformly. They want everyone to know that "*Ciro*" should be pronounced "*Seero*."



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Whatever your age, if you are not satisfied with the appearance of your hair, consult Mons Georges whose expert knowledge is at your service. If unable to call, send for new Catalogue de Luxe with details of "Times" system of payment by instalments.

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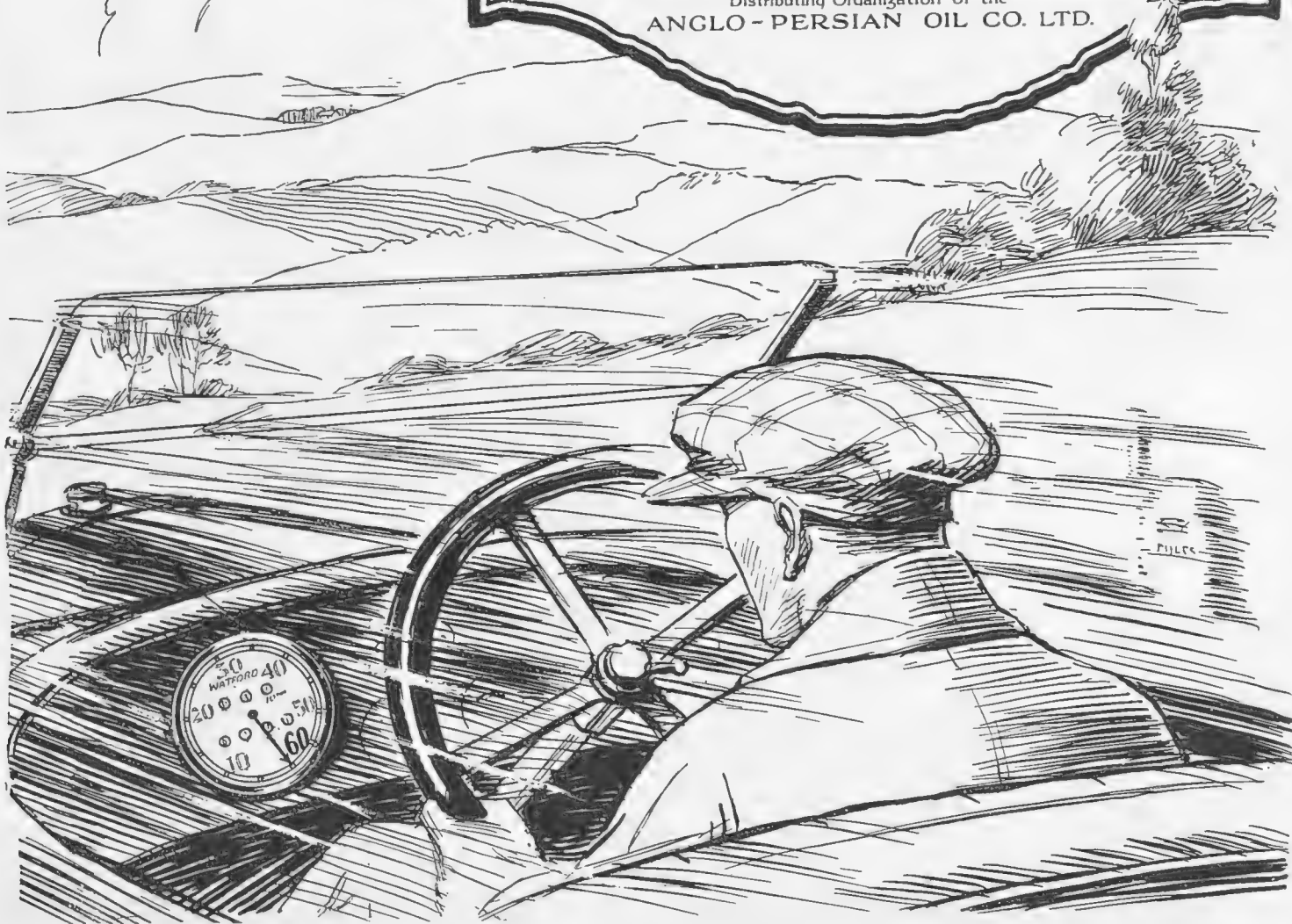
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DIVORCE!

(Continued from Page 456.)

old maxim of our law that "Occasio facit furem"—"Opportunity makes the thief." They had here two persons between whom an affection admittedly subsisted, in circumstances which clearly constituted an *occasio*, or opportunity. The parties denied that they had taken advantage of that opportunity. They might accept that story or they might not. But if that sort of suggestion was to be commonly made and sustained in that Court, there was an end of the business of that Court, as he understood it; and the learned counsel whom he saw before him had better devote themselves to some other branch of the law. The jury, however, must form their own opinion. They had only the bare word of the parties accused to go upon, and against that they had the accepted traditions of civilised men and women, hallowed by long practice, and handed down from generation to generation by the literature of every age. It might be that they had formed such an estimate of the credibility of the respondent and co-respondent that they would consider their bare word sufficient. He would not say that there were not cases in which a confessed philanderer and flibbertigibbet might not be assumed to be speaking the truth. They might believe his story or they might not. For his part, he did not believe a word of it.

But the curious thing was that the jury did.

Outside in the passage I ran into Angela. We embraced each other fondly.

"Darling," she said, "you know I never meant it. I only wanted to advertise your book."

(To be concluded.)

NOVEL NOTES.

MORRISSEY. By EDMUND DOWNEY. (The Bodley Head; 6s.)

Tom Morrissey is a character worth meeting. He is an odd fellow who lives in an Irish seaside town, Rockhaven. Mr. Downey has persuaded him to talk, and to some purpose. Tom is full of yarns about the people he knows, and he tells his stories in an odd sideways, rambling fashion that is very attractive. In fact, the telling is sometimes more than the story. But Tom holds you like the Ancient Mariner. The pick of the bunch are "Sherry and Bitters," a case of impersonation of an absentee landlord; "Inspiration," a tale of a humbug; "The Black Ram," a rollicking serio-comic extravaganza; and last and best, as here there is real construction, and a touch of real human pathos, "Virginea." But all make good reading. Mr. Downey is a master of his own line of craft.

HIS SECOND VENTURE. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

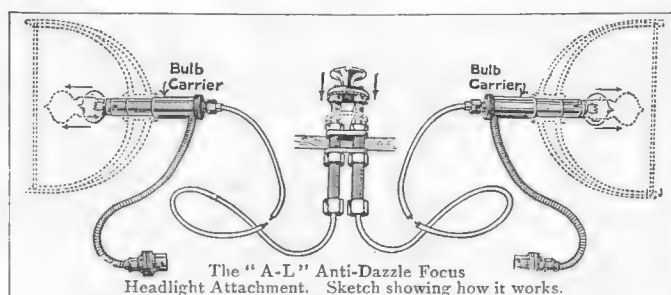
Colonel Carfrae Caron, widower, came home from India on the same boat with Mrs. Rita Knight, widow, who failed to entrap him. Later, at her house in the Lake District, Mrs. Knight caught Carfrae kissing, in a moment of justifiable emotion, her hoyden ugly duckling of a nineteen-year-old daughter, Valery, who "awoke" at the chaste salutation. Whereupon Mrs. Knight hurried the luckless Colonel and the infatuated girl into marriage. We expect the mother (who promises to be interesting) to play a prominent part in the story, but she merely marries again and fades out.

The drama really begins on Valery's wedding day. On the return from church, Caron is ordered off to command the Chugga Expedition, and his conduct under that blow lets his bride see that there is no love on his part. Heroically, however, she takes over his house, and his three unruly step-children. But she paid her way out of her own pocket. When Caron came back at the end of three years, covered with glory and rather broken by hardship, he found the ugly duckling grown very fair and desirable. But she would have none of him. Matters now become very sensational: there are plots, a Parliamentary election, and an attempt at double murder, to heighten the duel between the nominal husband and wife. The end is just what critical readers will expect, and the uncritical desire.

THE YOUNG LABELLE. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Burgin here takes some time to reach his inevitable Canada, but he gets there all right. He begins in Paris with a farewell scene between a great actress, Marie de Maubiniere (stricken with mortal disease), and her lover, Gaston Lacroix. Then the scene shifts to London, where Marie, now disguised as Mrs. Carr, has gone to spend her short remaining time in good works. She adopts two girls, Lucy Vane and Ethel Tempest, each the daughter of a hard-up solicitor. Likewise Mrs. Carr adopts the young Labelle, poet and dispossessed Canadian Seigneur, and Louis Mallock, a briefless barrister whom she found on the Embankment in the chance company of a down-at-heels Armenian Christian turned Moslem, Kourriak Effendi. The unsavoury Kourriak is not quite adoptable, in spite of Mrs. Carr's

(Continued overleaf.)



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There is a Compactom Clothing Cabinet in a size, in a style, and at a price exactly to suit your requirements.

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 BRADFORD - Wm. Kirkman.
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Continued.]

kind efforts. He comes in handy, therefore, as the villain of the piece. Labelle loves Lucy, and Mallock loves Ethel, of course. Labelle goes off to Canada to secure a mysterious herb of healing to cure his benefactress, but to get it he has to be unfaithful to Lucy. Awful agonies and struggles, but Mrs. Carr is finally and miraculously cured. Mr. Burgin seems to have gone off the deep end in this extravagant story.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER. By GEORGES PONSOT. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

A delightfully original natural-history book, in which the characters are fish, frogs, eels, and other inhabitants of the river Seulette. It traces the life-history and adventures of Narcisse, the pike, from his babyhood until he attains the dignity of kingship. Children and grown-ups will love to read about Kiss, the old eel queen, and the great King Clee, monarch of the pike, whom the loach and bull-heads, respecters of neither age nor rank, called "Lord Hook-in-the-Nose." But he rejoiced in his nickname, because it signified his struggles with man. Twenty times had he been caught by hooks that he had failed to observe, but he got away. The story reveals the river-dwellers' politics, their tribal wars, and their family affairs with a pleasant humour. They are not so very unlike humans—they know about profiteers, and have a Labour Question and Trade Unions down there. They have even a smattering of theology. And old Kiss is a first-rate teller of tales which are an allegory not only of piscine, but of human life.



**TO MARRY MR. CHARLES R. A. OAKELEY :
MISS AUDREY DAMPIER PALMER.**

Miss Audrey Fairless Dampier Palmer is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dampier Palmer, of Heronden Hall, Tenterden, Kent. Her marriage to Mr. Charles R. A. Oakeley, only son of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., and Lady Oakeley, of Frittenden House, near Staplehurst, Kent, will take place at St. Mildred's Church, Tenterden, on Wednesday next, Sept. 10.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

CUP OF SILENCE. By ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane; 7s. 6d.)

A weird story of which the scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Chancetonbury Ring. Queer things happen at Mouldering House, with which the House of Hilmerceux and its mistress, Lady Hilmerceux, are inseparably linked. Mystery thickens about Harry Vivian, returned from foreign travel, and Ailsa Rose, who enter the Hilmerceux circle. The time is the present, but the past pushes in insistently, to the bewilderment of the chief actors. At last the mystery, which turns on the return to life of a man long believed to be dead, is resolved, after many creepy passages. A long story, but once begun, a story that grips you to the end.

THE ODD MAN OUT. By MADGE S. THOMPSON. (Ouseley; 5s.)

Ralph Lorrimer was odd man out in a triangle consisting of Nell Harcourt, Dick Bathurst, and himself. There's a love interest, and a villain, Captain Marchmont, who has stepped out of old-fashioned melodrama. To this add an intemperate lady, who is the vicar's wife, no less, and there is a play fitted. Not a very good play, but it has at least a surprise ending.

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News invariably lives up to its reputation of being the sportsman's companion and pictorial record of what's doing in the way of games, athletic sports, shooting and fishing, and theatrical novelties. The current issue contains, among many other good things, a particularly delightful article on "The Little Brown Bird—the Partridge," by S. L. Bensusan.

"This is the second baby I have brought up on Mellin's Food, and everyone who sees them agrees that they are the picture of health, and a splendid recommendation for Mellin's Food."—Mrs. G. M. Hibbs, London, E.5.



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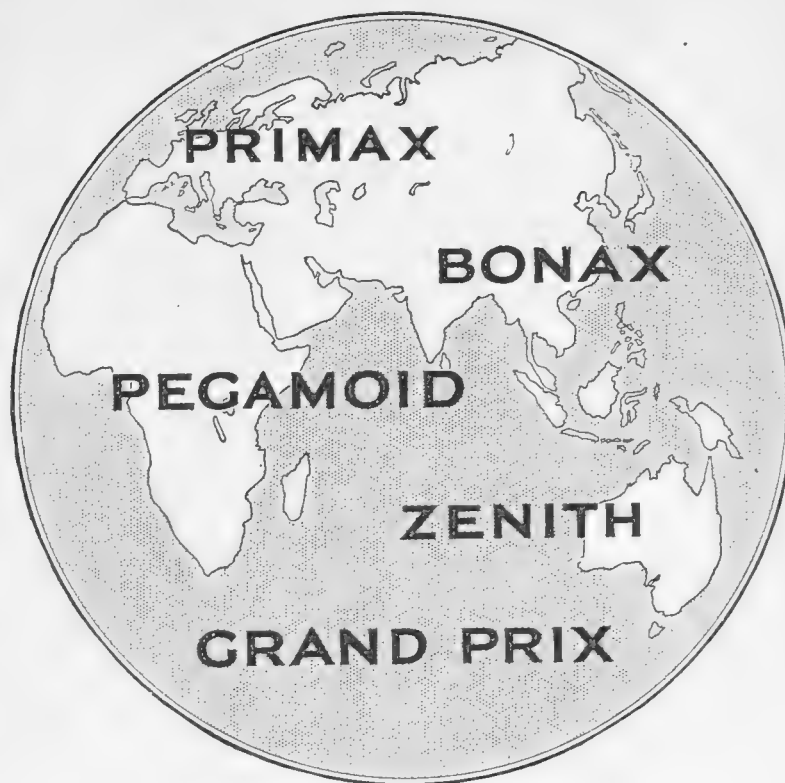
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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXIV.

ORIGINAL LEADS.

IT has already been said in these notes that the original lead of an ace is the very worst possible. The ace is meant to win a trick, and to kill some useful card in doing so. It will win the trick all right if you lead it off, but it won't do any killing. There are, of course, further uses for this ace card—for instance, to hang up opponent's suit, and to keep declarer guessing as to its whereabouts, and this guessing must cramp his style of play somewhat. But once this ace is out of the way, he breathes freely and gets ahead with his work cheerfully and easily.

The original lead of an ace causes the loss of more games than any other original lead. It should never be done. When stating this indisputable fact before, I made an exception—two exceptions—for, as we all know, the word "never" has no literal bridge sense. Thus with such as—

SPADES—None.

HEARTS—A, x, x, x.

CLUBS—A, x, x, x.

DIAMONDS—A, x, x, x, x,

and spades being trumps, why, you must lead off an ace. Or with—

SPADES—None.

HEARTS—A, x, x, x, x.

CLUBS—K, 10, 9, x.

DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x, x,

spades trumps, again you must lead the ace, though probably you will be sorry for doing so later on.

The other exception was when the ace happened to be the ace of your partner's declared suit; then I said it might be led. Now I say it is losing play to lead it, and for saying this I shall get into heavy trouble

with my critics, and the experts generally. It is, of course, an accepted and golden rule, that you should lead the ace of your partner's declared suit; and yet I say you shouldn't lead it. Yes, I do; and I feel sure the lead is a loser in the long run. Unless—and here is the wretched exception that creeps into every bridge dictum—your partner has made an *original* bid in the suit, and has followed this up by showing great strength in it. And even then it is no certainty that the lead is a good one. Mind, I don't want to open with a small one in the suit—what I say is, against a suit declaration, don't lead the suit at all originally; let the suit come—as it must come, except in freak situations, when it won't matter much, anyway—from partner or from opponent. The trouble—though, to my mind, the trouble is not a severe one—is that you will deceive your partner. When he sees the ace is not in dummy, and you have not led it, he will place that card for certain with the player of the hand. This, as I say, should not disturb him very much—not, that is to say, if he has a modicum of bridge intelligence; and, anyhow, don't forget this, even if you do deceive your partner, you deceive declarer equally; for he also, arguing that if you held the ace you would have led it, will place it for certain on his right, and it will come as a nasty shock when it appears on his left later on.

I am going to carry this principle of not leading off the ace of your partner's suit still further, and say that nearly every one of the standard openings at bridge is wrong—hopelessly wrong. These standard openings are a relic of whist, at which game they were invaluable; but at bridge, with one hand exposed, they are not applicable at all. The standard leads give too much information to the player of the hand. It is futile to argue that they give similar

information to partner. The information given is about three times as useful to declarer as it is to your partner. For instance, it is of no particular use to your partner to know that you hold exactly four of five cards in the suit you lead; but the information may be of primary importance to declarer. The lead of the fourth best is absurd at bridge; the eleven rule, for what it is worth—and it is not worth much—can be applied as well by declarer as any other player; and, anyhow, it does not come into operation more than once in twenty hands. Still worse than the lead of fourth best is the lead of the highest of three (or of four) in partner's declared suit—especially against a no-trump declare. It is losing play about eighty per cent. of times. Just think this over. I will return to the subject next week, giving examples and reasons for this revolutionary bridge allegation.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 24.

SPADES—10, 2.
HEARTS—Q, 2.
CLUBS—3.
DIAMONDS—9, 7.

B

SPADES—9, 6
HEARTS—10.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—8, 6, 5, 4.

Y

SPADES—5, 4.
HEARTS—Kn, 4.
CLUBS—9, 8, 7.
DIAMONDS—None.

A

SPADES—8, 7.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—10, 6, 5, 4, 2.
DIAMONDS—None.

There are no-trumps. A to lead. AB to make six tricks against any defence.

A leads spades. If Y covers B wins, and leads queen of hearts; A discards his spade! B then leads two of spades, putting Y in to lead diamonds, AB making the rest. If Y does not cover at trick 1, A can hold the

(Continued overleaf.)

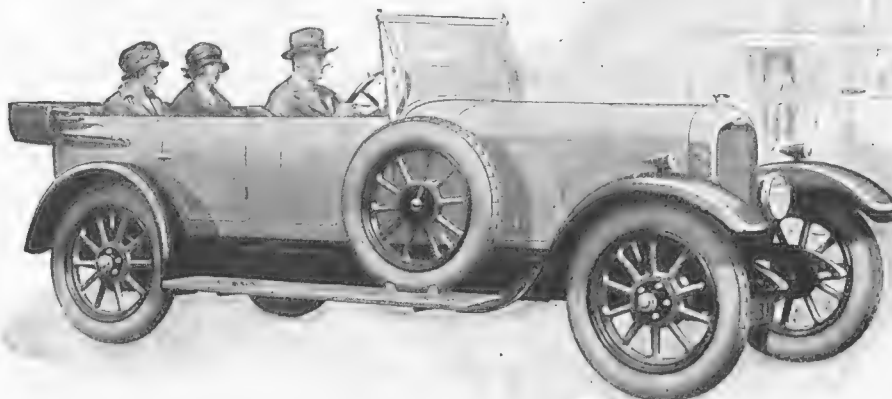


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Continued.]

trick, and lead another spade. B wins, and now leads queen of hearts, followed by seven of diamonds. Y must take this and lead another, AB winning the rest.

Correct solutions received from Alpha, Whalley, Onyz, H. Usmar, Soutar, A. T. de Saumarez, Spencer Cox, and C. H. Greatrex.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L. H.—So glad to hear from you. Am replying by post.

WALTER L. DANE.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but I fear my plans are altered. Writing.

W. B. WRIGHT (Gambia).—I will answer your question next week.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

"VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES."

(AT THE SCALA.)

WHAT are the essentials of a good film? It must be logical in its development, natural in its acting, and convincing in its story. These points were emphasised in my mind by their omission, as I watched this new French film, which introduces the famous Spanish *diseuse*, Mlle. Raquel Meller, to London. Instead of lucidity, we got confusion accentuated by a devastating slowness of action. This is a tale of love and adventure, a tale set in the romantic age of the Empress Eugénie, a tale that should move breathlessly from incident to incident, fooling the senses with enchantments and illusions. A stirring romance flings away the bonds of probability, and in the delirium of a sort of calenture, we neither question nor pause to test its

validity. But in this film we grope in the dark for the plot, we travel with irritating slowness, and only at the end do we sit up and look interested. The marginal notes are stilted and lifeless. The acting, apart from the sincere study of Mlle. Meller, is overdone to the extreme of being ludicrous. This absolutely ruined any chance of artistic truth that the players might have given. A hero with dashing moustaches and pantomimic gestures like this young Comte de St. Affremont is a figure of frantic farce. Even discounting the volatility and exuberance which we expect from our Gallic actors, this delineation was extravagantly absurd. I laughed when I ought to have been serious, and I was serious when I ought to have been amused. The story *qua* story was thin, muddled, and unconvincing.

Yet in spite of these heavy handicaps, Mlle. Meller acted with charm and sincerity. She has personality, and it does not evaporate on the screen. I am already looking forward to the autumn when, in the intimate atmosphere of the theatre, and apart from this pictorial improbability, I shall see her in the flesh. *Le sens intime* of her art is dimmed to a shadow in "Violettes Impériales." Though the photography is excellent, and there are isolated moments of true beauty, the travesty of the hero and the *tempo* of the playing resulted in a film as undramatic as Mrs. Jarley's waxworks.

"TOTO'S WIFE."

(CHERRY KEARTON; AT THE TIVOLI.)

Frankly I was disappointed. In all Mr. Kearton's films our interest has been awakened and held by his intimate knowledge and fidelity to the world of wild nature. He has the intellectual equipment of the

naturalist, the artist's faculty for capturing the illuminating picture, and the film sense which enables him to build up delightful and entertaining camera-studies full of agreeable material and happy description. I think the chief charm of Nature photography is its discursiveness and fragmentary character. It is all the more relishable because it glimpses hither and thither, arresting us with sudden beauties and revealing attitudes. We should look on the screen as through the eye of the camera on a landscape perfect in its ideal remoteness. This is the fairyland Mr. Cherry Kearton has taken us before to view. He has made us share with him his warmth and eager inquisitiveness into the habits of the shy denizens of the forest. He has cast the spell of uncivilised and untamable life, and his vital intimacy drew us towards these simpler conditions where men and women are not ringed round by conventions. Why has he forsaken these things? I can detect his error in his belief that he must tell a story. "Toto's Wife" is a little novelette which has done worse than limit his field of vision. It has made him fake so obviously that the merest tyro would recognise the painted scenery. It is a pity. Let the narrative film work out its own salvation. Let Mr. Kearton go back to his former method, where no fake vulgarises—to the wonderland far from studios. There is a poetry and fragrance in the primeval aspects of Nature, and we in cities wait to be refreshed. It was Thoreau who wrote, "Steel and blankets are strong temptations, but the Indian does well to continue Indian." Plot and pasteboard are strong temptations, but Nature's scenario cannot be improved by artifice. Truth is stranger than fiction.

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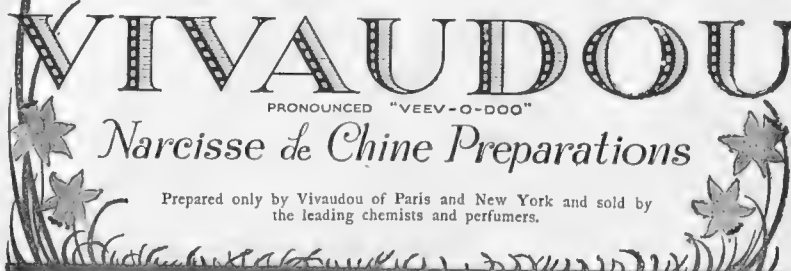
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ONLY ADDRESS—NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

SOCIAL interest centres in the North during this month, for not only are the King and Queen and other members of the Royal family in Scotland, but, of course, the various Northern meetings take place in September; and there is plenty of ball-dancing, racegoing, and gaiety to lend variety to purely sporting occupations.

Many well-known Scottish girls come out in the autumn in the North, instead of waiting to make their début in town in the season; and there are quite a number of interesting "new" girls who will go to their first balls in Scotland this year.

Miss Carsina Gray-Cheape, for instance, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, Forfarshire, and of the late Colonel Hugh Cheape, D.S.O. (and bar), will make her début at the Oban Gathering, and is also to attend the Forfar Ball and other gaieties in her own and neighbouring counties, for which Mrs. Gray-Cheape will entertain young house parties at Carse Gray. Miss Gray-Cheape is only

seventeen, so she is a very young débutante. Carse Gray, like so many Scottish places, can be inherited through the female line, and has several times passed through the distaff side. The unusual name of Carsina

surprising, considering that her family is allied to at least one of the famous Loyalist houses who fought in the '45, and sold their estates in order to raise troops to support Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Miss Pamela Sutherland is another Scottish débutante who is to come out at the balls in September. She is the elder daughter of Sir George and Lady Sutherland, and a grand-daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir James Wolfe-Murray, of Cringletie. Sir George and Lady Sutherland live at Cringletie, which is the ancestral home of the Wolfe-Murray family.

To return to the South, one of the prettiest of the autumn weddings will be that of Miss Philippa Wendell to Lord Galloway, which takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Oct. 14. The slim, elegant little bride-will, I hear, be attended by six bridesmaids, one of whom will probably be Miss Marjorie Glasgow, the daughter of Mrs. Glasgow, of Moncorvo House. Lord Galloway's bride-elect lives with her mother at one of the most charming old houses imaginable, Sandridgebury, near St. Albans.—MARIEGOLD.

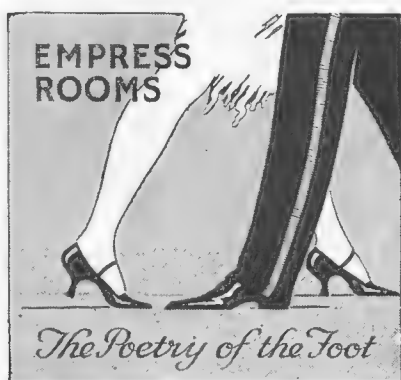


THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S GODSON-ELECT: THE BABY SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL OF SERBIA.

The infant son of Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, who was born at the White Lodge, will be the godson of the Duke of York, who was the best man, or "koom," at the wedding of Prince Paul to Princess Olga of Greece, and, according to the Serbian national custom, will be the chief godfather. The christening is taking place at the White Lodge, and special waters from the rivers of Jugo-Slavia are being brought to this country for the ceremony. It has been stated that the Queen, who is very fond of Prince Paul and his wife, will be one of the baby's godmothers.—[Photo I.B.]

is traditional in the family, and the youngest holder of it—Miss Gray-Cheape—is a keen student of Jacobite history, which is not

way's bride-elect lives with her mother at one of the most charming old houses imaginable, Sandridgebury, near St. Albans.—MARIEGOLD.



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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHAT do we think about this new German loan?"—The City Editor looked around for light and leading. "As our honoured and very welcome Prodigal Son"—he bowed to The Banker—"may we ask for your views first?"

"Fatted Calf for one," ordered The Jobber; "and a nice piece of brown fat with it, please, Carver."

The old gentleman smiled his pleasure in returning to the fold. "You are all very kind," said he.

"The German loan wants a lot of clear thinking about," The Engineer declared. "We can't help feelings of strong prejudice, and we know that these must bias even a business judgment."

"Then you are in favour of letting Germany have the money?"

"I didn't say so," he hedged cautiously. "To my mind, there's a lot to be said on both sides of the subject, and it's jolly difficult to know what is best. In my own profession—"

"Engineering is entitled to a voice," The Merchant allowed.

"I mean that Germany is a very important customer for British goods, but she can't buy our stuff unless she can sell us something, or give us the money, to pay for it."

"Germany is a keen competitor as well, and if you supply her with money you may cause more unemployment amongst our own people."

"That's the risk. On the other hand, the war showed us, rather unexpectedly, how very international our trade has become. If one nation is sick, the other nations don't benefit by it unless they're self-supporting. They lose, rather than make, out of it."

"This country is a clearing-house for the world's goods, and we can't afford to have customers sick and sorry."

"To my mind," said The Broker, "the only justification for lending money to Germany is that it shall do us, not Germany, good."

"But surely the Germans can put up this money amongst themselves? They have—they must have—stacks of stuff in America. Why, even over here they are supposed to be well loaded with our War Loan and other gilt-edged securities. How's that, Sir?"

The Banker, appealed to, said it was difficult to know how much the German nationals did possess.

"I can't see why this should be impossible to ascertain. In our own country, the Income Tax people have a tolerably good idea of how our wealth is distributed, and surely the German Inland Revenue can get at the same information in regard to their nationals."

"Who told you that Germany is keen upon getting such a return made?"

"Wouldn't it pay her better to let other people put up the cash? Then her own folks could keep their money and make more out of it than they would by lending it, on very risky security, to their own Government?"

The City Editor confessed that, up to the present, the question beat him all the way along.

The others agreed that it was a most knotty affair.

Up spoke The Merchant. "At the root of the whole thing," quoth he, "there lies the difference in national temperament."

"I'm all for temperance myself," said The Jobber. "Up to mid-day, at all events."

"The German workman will put in his sixty hours a week, and be jolly glad to take moderate wages. The British workman is not allowed to do more than 48½ hours; he is bullied if he turns out too much or too

good work; and, whether he likes it or not, he is compelled to strike if some autocratic democrat calls him out. How can we compete in such circumstances?"

"It will all come right in the end," The Merchant hoped. "These are post-war problems, and you can't expect the world to settle down all at once after a four-years war such as we've been through."

The Banker thought that this was the practical and the common-sensible view to take.

"Quite so," said The City Editor. "In the meantime, however, it's we who have to live through these difficult days, and we can't starve."

"Oh, can't we?" exclaimed The Jobber. "Come and be a member of the Stock Exchange for a month, and we'll show you how it's done"—he tugged hard at a belt as tight as it was imaginary.

"You buy the wrong things," The Broker told him. "Patience and Tronoh Tin, money down, and Rand Mines. Take up a few Chartered. Be wary of Rubber."

"If you must make Tea, take Jhanzie and Jokai," counselled The Merchant. "Home and Colonial Stores, Harrison and Crosfield Preferred Ordinary."

"Keep clear of Home Railway lines," added The Engineer. "Trust Pease and Partners, and Consett Iron."

"Tata Debentures?"

"No. Nor Workman Clark. Nor De la Rue, unless you must gamble. Aren't you going to contribute to our symposium, Sir?" he asked The Banker.

Who said that he could not afford to speculate in any but the best and the safest stock in the markets.

"And what is that, Sir?"

"War Fives," was the entirely adequate, if rather unexciting, answer.

Friday, Aug. 29, 1924.



J.M.
GATEMAN
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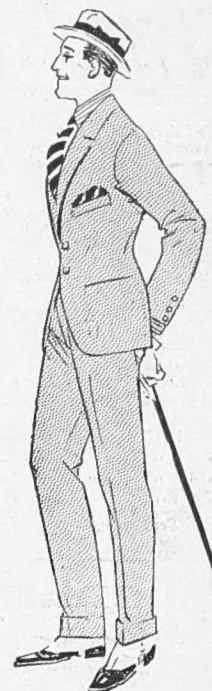
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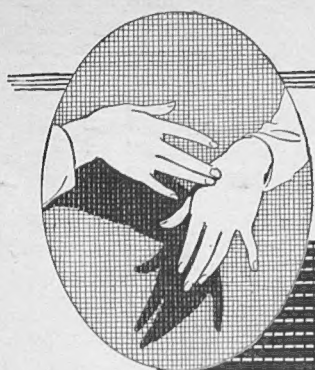
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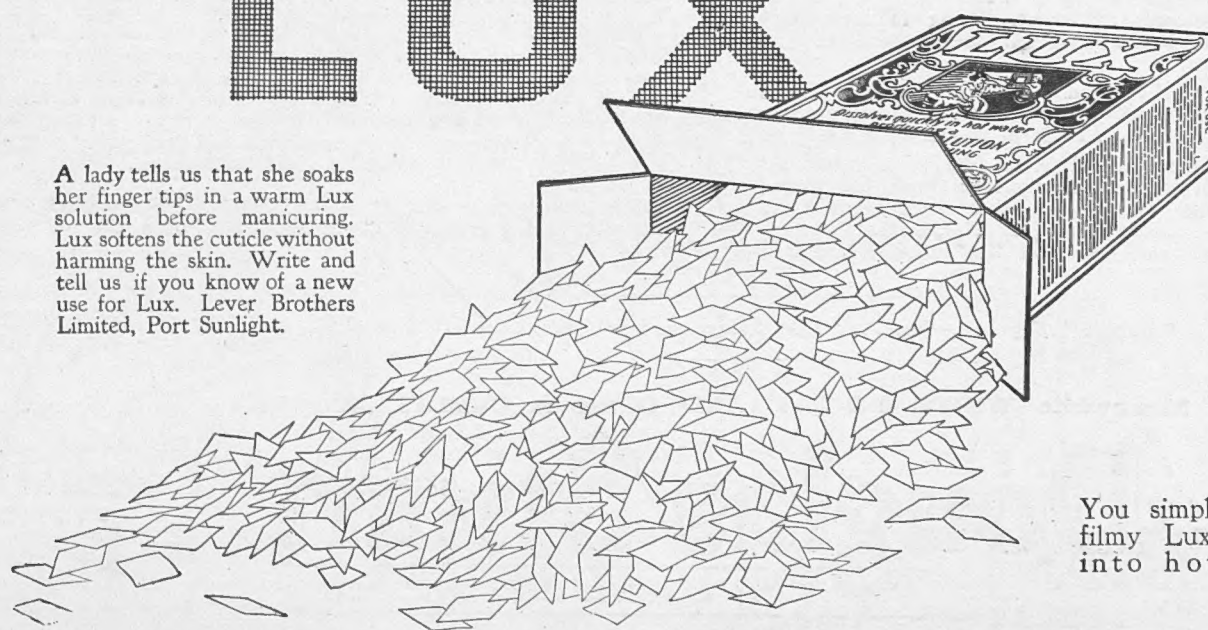
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LUX

A lady tells us that she soaks her finger tips in a warm Lux solution before manicuring. Lux softens the cuticle without harming the skin. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



LX. 317-109



1. Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather.



2. Add cold water to give required temperature.



3. Dip and redip in this pure rich lather.



4. Rinse in clean water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.

You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.



'Duggie' explains—

No. 1.—*Business at all Meetings.*

Sir Edward.—Good morning, Mr. Stuart, Lord Danby mentioned to me how satisfied he is with your methods of business, courtesy and generous treatment. Being in London, I thought a personal chat would enlighten me on one or two points regarding your rules.

Duggie.—Delighted, Sir Edward! It is very good of Lord Danby to mention my name to you; I sincerely appreciate the compliment of recommending his friends to do business with me.

Sir Edward.—The first thing I would like to see is the list of meetings at which you transact business. My reason for asking this question is that on one occasion last year I wirel my agent a winner at 10 to 1—I think it was at Newcastle. Can you imagine my surprise and *annoyance* on his pointing out that

Newcastle was not included in the list of meetings at which he was doing business that week. So, though the horse won—I didn't.

Duggie.—Your agent must have been one of the "Old School"—now dying out. The same disappointment could not happen to a client of mine because I accept commissions at *all* meetings in Great Britain under National Hunt and Jockey Club Rules. In my opinion it is unfair for any agent to pick and choose the meetings at which he accepts business. It is practically dictating to the client *where* he must back horses.

Sir Edward.—Excellent! I am quite satisfied. Now tell me what *you* would do in the event of a client's telegram not reaching you?

"Duggie" Explains—No. 2. "Lost Telegrams" in "The Sketch," September. 10.

Meanwhile—WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT

Douglas Stuart

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